

Learn.Imagine.Discover



# Quest

Number 19 | Spring 2017

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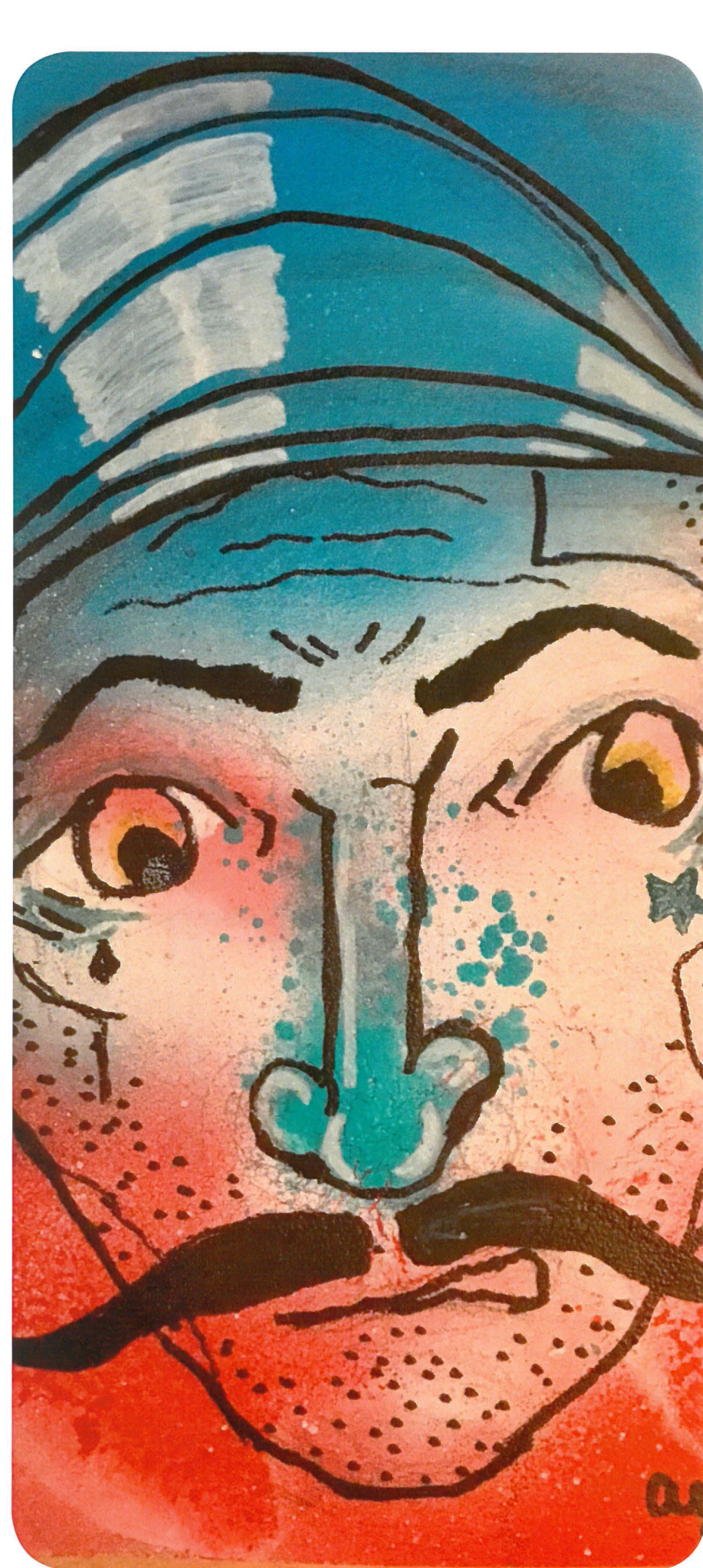
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Opinions expressed in Quest are not necessarily those of the editor or of Lynn University.





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Download the Multi-touch edition of  
*Quest* for free at [lynn.edu/questbook](http://lynn.edu/questbook)



# The Middle

by Paula Hyman

Here I am  
In the middle of my life.  
I look back to my past, then forward to my future.  
One is trodden and worn, like one of my old walking shoes.  
The other is blank, such as a clean canvas.  
I take nothing I have learned for granted,  
I accept my errors and my triumphs.  
My hope, frustrations and love guide me like sentinels  
Urging me on to explore what lies before me.

ife



# A Moment in Time

by Ann Crawford

For just a moment in time  
My Universe explodes, upward and outward  
Expanding my experience  
Until at last the collapse  
Back to Self.

My mind is twirling,  
My heart is swirling,  
My world is whirling  
As I stand in the winds of uncertainty  
Trying to hold a balance.

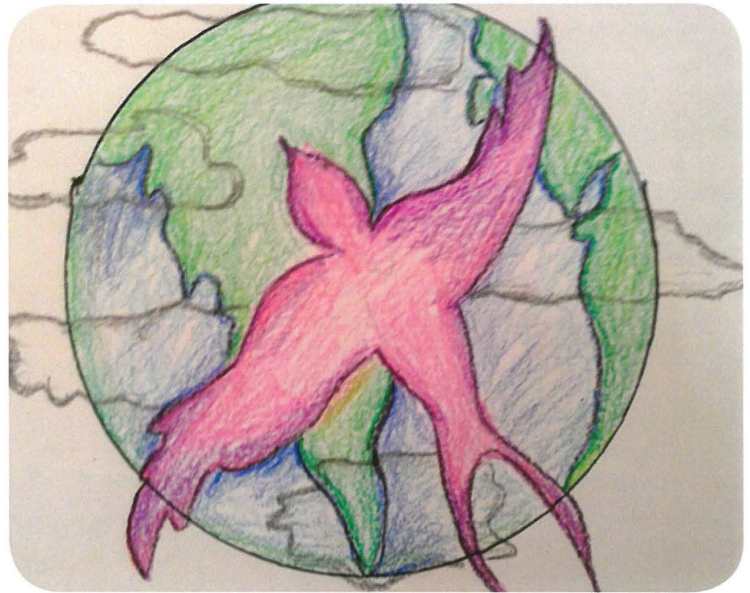
What is the teaching,  
While I am reaching  
For solid Earth?

All is moving past me so fast.  
Will I be captured by the streaking, roaring  
Dionysus chariot,  
Or will I find my center first.

Love brings with it all else,  
Fear, Anger, Risk, Illusion  
It never travels alone.

Searching for safety - finding experience  
I expand, I grow, I lose my Self.  
Then I let go...

And float gently back  
To earth on angel wings.  
All is well, All is good.  
I am home.



Top drawing by Ann Crawford  
Bottom photo by Paola Banos

Opposite page photo by Paola Banos



# Golden Hour

by Meghan Ulmer

It seemed that every aspect of her life was somehow crumbling in front of her very face, and no matter how hard Charlotte tried she could never find a way to mend the damage. So, she ran.

Suddenly Charlotte found herself lying face up panting for any air that was available while filling her sweaty palms with the soft, sugar like sand that was supporting her underside. Somehow she had managed to shut her mind down and run her way to the abandoned beach that she had stumbled upon long ago. She knew without looking up that she was lying on a steady downslope as the tall, tangled mangroves wrapped around and hugged each other, hiding her from civilization. The steady flow of wind blew the smallest sand particles across her red nose and the powerful splash of crystal blue waves crashed on the shore just inches from her tired toes. It was golden hour making every aspect of her perfect beach seem golden and pure. It is how she longed to feel after facing so much anger, and so to wash herself of the impurities she felt, she began to undress. Charlotte kicked her shorts from her ankle towards her flat, lifeless backpack and took slow steady steps into the frigid January water. As much as it was painful, it was just as equally reviving. Her breathing slowed, her stress level dropped drastically, her body became calm, and she began to float. She floated until her feet could no longer touch the wet sand beneath and she finally felt content and free. The only thing that was controlling her now was the steady rise and fall of the waves in all of their natural beauty.

Charlotte felt her gold bracelet floating loosely around her dainty wrist and recalled the moment her grandfather shared with her the significance it held. He told her, "My dear Charlotte, there will be times when life will become exhaustingly complex and confusing. You will undoubtedly find yourself stuck between two choices, which can alter the way you operate or think. People will come and go, some leaving happy memories and others leaving heartbreak. It is a part of the human experience to feel as though life could be its absolute best or its worst at one moment. But I promise you kiddo, no matter how confusing life may become, no matter how complicated a situation may feel, this thin, gold strand will remind you of how simple life really is. It is to remind you that in moments where you feel completely overwhelmed, returning to simplicity will bring you back to happiness. After all, happiness is found in life's most simple moments."

She began to feel hot tears stream down her face slipping into the salty ocean as she recalled this extraordinary moment. Charlotte realized that this was just a blip in time, just a single moment in a book filled with a million moments. She then felt herself falling back down from the stressful pedestal she had been perched on for so long, and as she continued to float

her eyes became heavy with exhaustion from fighting for so long. The waves began to rock her further into sleep as she smiled softly feeling a sense of solace, and she knew that in a moment's time she would swim ashore and trek on back home. But first she just wanted to float for a little while longer.



Drawing by Angelica Capote

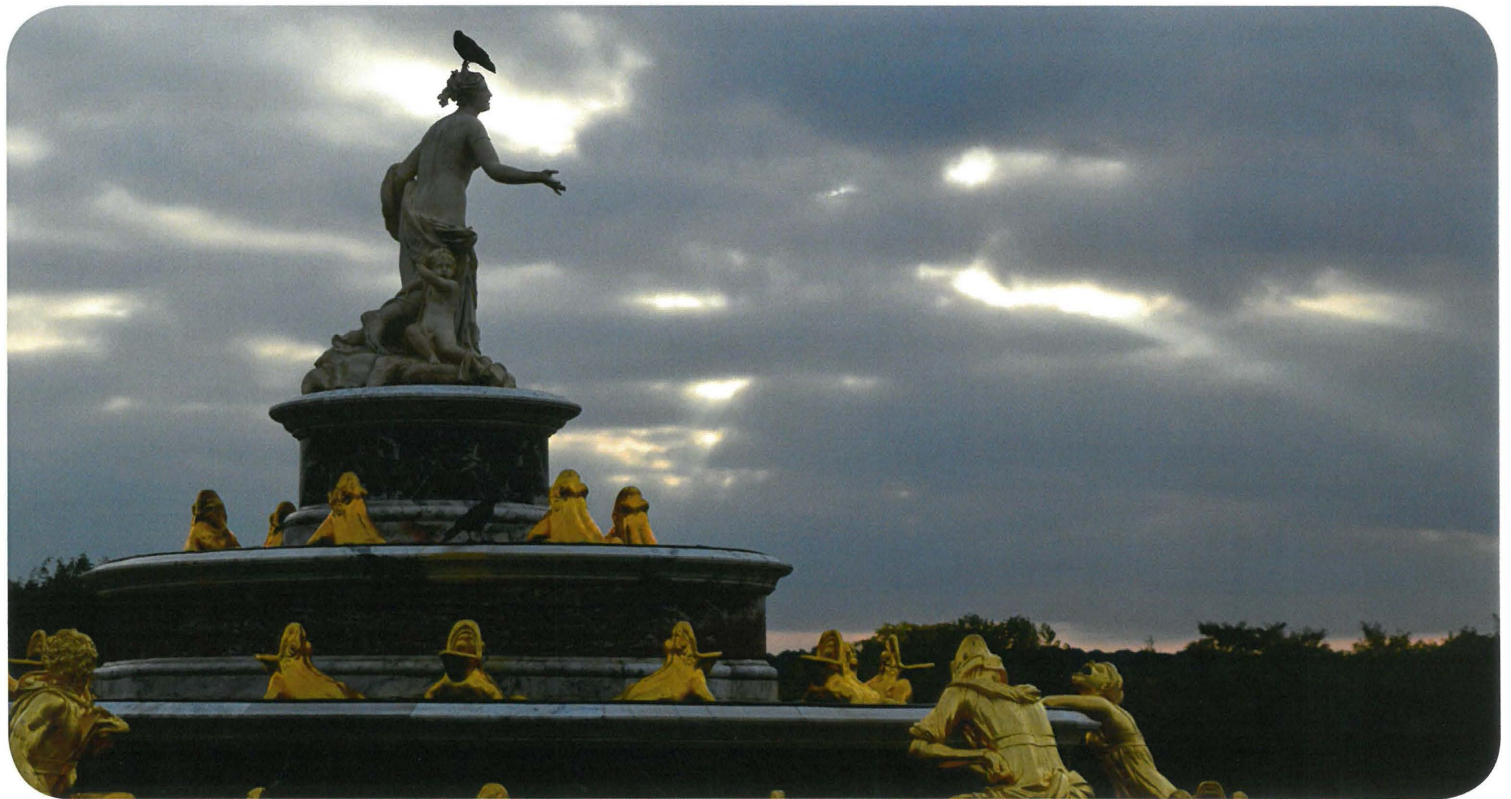
Opposite page:

Top left by Kingsley Okonkwo

Top right by Ann Crawford

Bottom by Vanessa Desmarais







# Ronnie

by Miguel Ceballos

"Ronnie Davis, get your damned head up from that desk," the teacher shouted. Ronnie was immediately awakened while the rest of the class giggled in amusement. He knew he was going to have to stay after class and deal with getting screamed at by Mrs. Norton. This was how every Wednesday went in Ronnie's 7th grade history class. He convinced himself it was not his fault. This was his last class of the day every Wednesday, and all Mrs. Norton did was play National Geographic TV shows on the projector the entire time. She was almost asking for Ronnie to take the much needed nap he longed for every Wednesday at 1:45. He, however, needed her after school talk to end quickly because he could not be late for his sister one more time. As the final bell rang, the teacher released the class with a simple, "Have a nice afternoon, class. Ronnie please come to the front and see me; you are not dismissed." Ronnie knew he would have to be agreeable and apologetic in order to get released quickly, and his plan was just to do so. "Ronnie, just because you're too busy hanging with the street kids all night doesn't mean you get to sleep in my class. I'm sick of having kids like you think they can get away with everything in their life because their parents give them no discipline." Ronnie responded back with a simple "Yes ma'am, I apologize." He was released. Running out of school that day, Ronnie was a

whirl of emotions. The teacher knew nothing about Ronnie's life and what he had to go through each day. Ronnie immediately left school to pick up his 4-year-old sister, Maria, from daycare. He was two minutes early. He then carried the little girl more than halfway during the 17-block walk home. He used his jacket to shield the little girl from the cold winter that was freezing the city of New York. He let the two into his house where no one greeted him. Ronnie was not up all night playing with the street kids; he was caring for his little sister while his mom worked the night shift at a local hospital. It was his job every day to pick her up from daycare, make her dinner, and make sure she got to bed every Monday through Friday. He wasn't sleeping in class because he didn't have parents who didn't discipline him; he didn't even have two parents. His father left when his sister was a newborn, and it was his mother's job to provide for the two children. Ronnie was sleeping in class because he had to do the responsibilities of an adult at the young age of thirteen. Ronnie, however, would never let his teachers or his classmates know of his struggles. He preferred them to think he was tough and running around with the other kids causing trouble. It was his release. Ronnie had one final thought of what his teacher had said to him today when his sister came into the kitchen. Dinnertime had come around, and it was time for Ronnie to get to work.



Photo by William Taylor  
Opposite drawing by Alexandria Butterfield



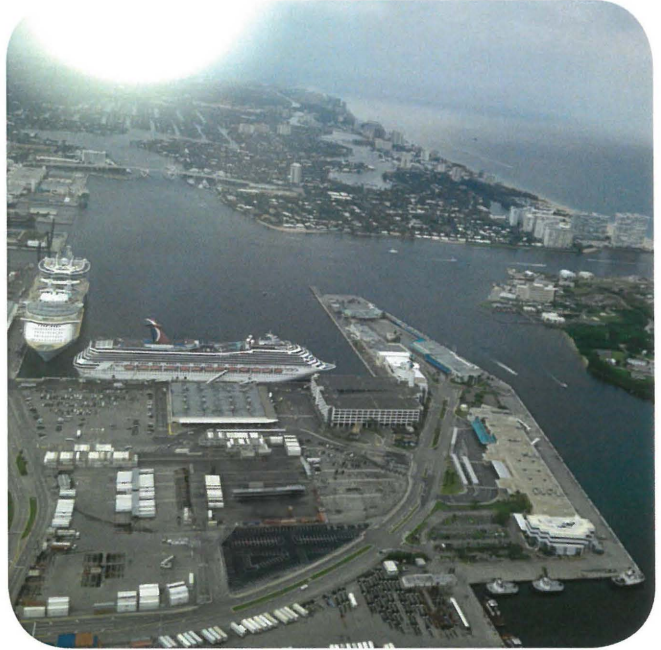




# After Driving for a Long Time

by Jeff Morgan

After diving for a long time  
I saw a black man,  
shirtless, muscular, graying, sweating, working  
on a beat-up house  
while young white people  
smoked, talked, and laughed  
their sober home.  
The black man had a googly-eye.  
The pupil, puffing in and out  
like a moon jellyfish in June,  
squinting because of the pain.  
As I drove by this scene,  
a tunnel twirled from his orb to mine,  
a luminous, transparent, geometric twist  
thinning in the middle from the speed of its rotation,  
widening as it reached my eye,  
covering it as if for an eye test.  
while young white people  
smoked, talked, and laughed  
outside their sober home.



## Curiosity

By Flucindia Supreme

A leap of faith she is,  
never knowing what,  
new territories and boundaries.

She plunges and judges every move  
She has a need to know everything,  
a need to love what blossoms in the dark  
and dies in the light.

She wants to read every page,  
line to line analyzing to admire every word.

Fear takes great tolls on opportunities.  
Often, we think too much and feel too less,  
take precautions too often,  
prevent her from being.

Can you hear her?  
Do you feel her pounding her way out?  
It's the way you look at them  
with such intense interest.  
She's been waiting to be let out,  
waiting to explore the unknown



Top photo by Harika Rao  
Bottom photo by William Levy



# Blessing in Dissertation-guise

by Harika Rao

Location: Printing store

Situation: Dissertation submission due in two hours

Student: Basking in the glory of my final defense, the rush to the store to pick up the dissertation prints

Store manager: There is a technical goof-up with the paper type; need to reprint. The cost of print and reprint came to over \$600.

Student: Worried about the time constraint; requests to re-print as soon as possible

Elderly gentleman: Starts small talk as the student stood there concerned about education, community. The man extending conversation while the student is totally haphazard.

After about 45 minutes...

Elderly gentleman: Wishes the student good luck and leaves immediately.

Student: Picks up the re-printed work, runs to cashier to make payment.

Cashier: "Payment has been made."

Student: Surprised!

Cashier: "An elderly gentleman paid for your work and said that he did not have the opportunity to continue with his education."

Student: Ecstatic! Looks around for the person, but sadly could not find him anywhere.

Moral: Humanity and kindness are very much alive in the world around us!

# Flight

by Ann Crawford

In golden shimmering light I lift and fly.  
My silver wings float up on clouds of light.  
I am immersed in blue and puffy white.  
With arms widespread, I blend with Father Sky.  
Below are soft and rolling fields of green.  
Between the hills are little ponds of blue  
I walked these hills together once with You.  
Then grounded in Your soil I was a queen.  
Somewhere between the earth and sky I drift.  
This soul is filled with sacred Turtle love  
Protected, I move slowly with the flow.  
I know my life on earth is such a gift.  
Thank you Mother Earth and God above.  
This life of mine is full, and I am whole.



# Shelf Life

by Jordan Chussler

He found her in the pantry, which doubled as her office. The space was cramped enough to drive a claustrophobe into madness. Her desk, crammed into one corner, was overflowing with grant proposals, 501 (c)(3) tax exemption forms, and boxes of Hamburger Helper. There was wire shelving along the three walls not obstructed by her workspace. They were arranged five high and beyond crowded with non-perishable food items in utter disarray. There was no rhyme or reason to their arrangement. Cans of condensed soup were stacked atop cases of instant noodles surrounded by bags of dehydrated fruit and jars of applesauce. If anyone had ever attempted to organize those shelves, they had surrendered to indifference long ago.

There was an outrageous number of poorly assembled canned beans—distant relatives of the haricot verts he had grown accustomed to preparing at the restaurant. Whole green beans. Cut green beans. French cut green beans. String beans. Wax beans. Italian-seasoned beans.  
“So many fucking beans,” he mumbled to himself.

Bags of white rice were haphazardly piled upon each other waiting for the slightest brush to send them careening to the floor below. Typical canned goods dominated the shelf below. Survivalists’ staples for the zombie apocalypse, or for when federal ATF confiscators came knocking on libertarians’ doors demanding their firearms. Corn. Carrots. Peas. Mystery meats packed in gelatinous goo and enough tinned tuna to support the Navy’s Fifth Fleet for a month in the Persian Gulf. The center aisle, palate-nullifying culprits of every grocery store in America.

The idea of having to cook with wartime rations suddenly struck him. He thought about the culinary heresy he would be committing. For the foreseeable future, ahi poke on wonton crisps would give way to tuna fish on white bread. Enriched, bleached white bread. He emitted a sigh recalling the brioche buns baked daily at the Dockside. Freshly herbed quinoa would be replaced with nutrient-deprived Instarice. And what shuddered him most was the realization that his once limitless supply of fresh produce, locally and seasonally sourced, now took the form of pre-cooked, processed vegetables trapped inside hormone-disrupting BPA-laden cans. Malformed fetuses for all!

He glanced at the next wall of shelves, mostly stocked with boxes of titanium dioxide-laced cereals. Industrial bleaching agents in America’s breakfast bowls, topped with nutrient-dead pasteurized factory farm milk squeezed from dairy cows hopped up on antibiotics and GMO corn feed. Such was the FDA’s recommendation for the most important meal of the day. Alongside them, boxes of macaroni and cheese contained Yellow 5 and 6—the petrochemical industry’s coal-tar derivatives approved by revolving door food policy wonks whose children dined on organic dairy that miraculously maintained its color without food coloring dyes.

He hung his head in defeat. This is what these people are relegated to eating, he thought. This was the endgame, where the insipid castoffs of an industrialized food system came to die. These were the routine players in the daily cuisine of public school discounted lunches, prisons, and soup kitchens across America. The ultimate example of an equitable society, wherein a nation fed its youth the same fare as its convicts.

“Alright,” she left his paperwork on the desk. “Ready for the tour?”  
“I think I got the gist of it.”

“Well, I’ll walk you through anyway.”

She stood up and motioned for him to follow. A few steps, a few introductions. A few more steps, a few pointers on layout. “Prep area,” she pointed to the rear of the kitchen. “Our service line,” she pointed in the other direction. “Mostly refurbished equipment, but it’s reliable.” They took a few more steps and entered a utility room through a door half-rotted off its hinges. “Clean aprons. Dirty aprons. Sheet pans, hotel pans, cutting boards, and knives—though I imagine you’ll be bringing your own cutlery.”

“We’ll see how dull yours are first,” He said, inventorying the room. “We’ve had a chef do hours here before. For D.U.I., too.” She glared at him like his grandmother used to.

“Well, if there’s one thing I enjoy, it’s being pigeonholed.”  
She led him into the kitchen and opened and shut the oven door, demonstrating the hitch necessary to close it.

“So what kind of cuisine do you serve over there on the island?”  
He was pleased she was unfamiliar with the restaurant. “Seafood, sometimes with a New American twist. Though usually not since the clientele is composed of Great Depression holdovers.”  
“New American? What was wrong with old American?”  
“Everything was. Is. From top to bottom.”

“What do I know?” She opened the lid to a garbage pail and pulled the nearly overflowing bag out of it. “But it’ll come in handy to have someone around here with some experience.” She continued the tour pointing out what came to mind as she saw it.

“Service sink. Grease trap. Wonky hood.” The top of the hood was secured to the wall with bungee cords and twine ostensibly to prevent the ventilation system from crashing down on whichever unfortunate being happened to be patrolling the flat-top griddle that day. He was less impressed by the shoddy repair than he was by the years of grease- and heat-fueled dilapidation the hood had endured without collapsing. They came to the end of the line. “And this is our walk-in cooler. Feel free to pop in, take a look at what we usually have on hand. I’ve gotta fax your forms.”



She left and he felt obligated to vet the state of the walk-in. He pulled the sealed door open, passed through heavy plastic curtains, and was immediately confronted with a wealth of glaring health code infractions. Produce-filled sanitation buckets on the floor. Saved from an ill-fated date with a dumpster, the vegetables occupied pails that were formerly used to sanitize the floors. Thawed chicken was stacked on shelves above ready-to-serve lunchmeats. He grabbed the thermometer dangling from a shelf and plunged it between two fading packages of ground beef. Forty-eight degrees: seven above the maximum permissible temperature for raw meat. An entirely foreign sense of obsessive-compulsive disorder flared up, and without wasting another moment, he set to work remedying the gross negligence before him.

He had rearranged half the shelves when the director returned to find him dancing around boxes of wilted lettuce and blocks of cheese product in the early stages of

fungal infection—what the mold-loving French would've considered a vast improvement over the processed American product.

"Having fun in here?"

"You're going to have to get somebody to fix this fan. And this," he tossed her a limp zucchini. "Is not for human consumption."

"We're fortunate to get any fresh produce in here."

"Fresh?"

"In a city serving hundred dollar burgers topped with quail eggs, foie gras, and gold flakes, this is what we're left with. So it goes." She joined him organizing the middle shelf. "You'll learn to temper your expectations."

"Ancient Romans used to eat gold," he remarked.

"They also ate giraffe."

"Well, giraffe was the filet mignon of the imperial Serengeti." He hoisted a sack of potatoes onto the shelf after discarding half its contents. "They saved hyena meat for the soup kitchens."



Photo by Adam Yurkewitz  
Drawing by Lynn students



# Fueling the Machine

by Rikki Soumpholphakdy

The street... It is so harsh; it has no remorse; it has no regard. The streets will give you many choices depending on which street you want to go down. Going uptown, taking two turns off Broad Street, the streets take you to a boxing gym where life can ultimately be changed. There is remorse; it has regard, but it is harsh. If you can survive the streets, you can survive in the gym. The gym feeds and thrives off the fighting energy from the fellas in the streets. It brings it alive. One day, a young man walked in there to get his life right. He's been fighting his whole life in the streets. The many bodies that take up space in the building create warmth. There is a smell of leather heavy bags, wet mats, and bloodied towels. A trainer asks him if he's lost. The young man smiles and says, "No actually, I'm right where I belong."

# Hungry Ghost

by Jennifer McMillian

(Be sure that time is timeless)  
Throughout history  
many people died  
in protest of the practice of human sacrifice.  
They died for something greater than this world would hold onto.  
By this, strangers gave our lives personal meaning.  
Agency and freedom turned into  
arrogance, and a relentless pursuit of unending persecution  
so we could have an identity dictated from without.  
Dictated from against.  
Empty  
The hungry ghost feels no pain,  
nor nuance:  
only hunger.

Be sure  
that time  
is timeless...

Opposite page photo by Grace Paulus









**Celebration of the Arts** launched its first ever student poster design competition in October of 2016. Students were given full creative freedom; the only guideline was specific informational text. Prizes included a \$100 iTunes gift card, the poster to be displayed around campus, and featured on the front cover of the program for Celebration of the Arts. This is this year's winner by

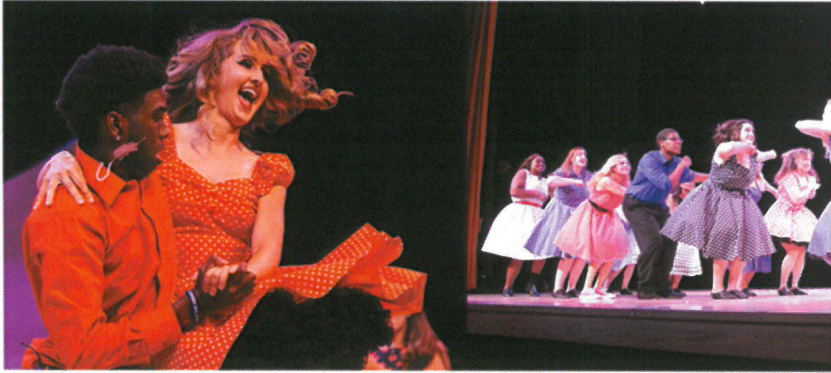
Above poster by Marianna Martinez

Opposite photos by Denise Belafonte and Justin Hearn



# Celebration

2016





## Inside/ Outside

by Jennifer McMillian

I cannot drink a cup,  
but I can cup my hands.  
I do this  
when I drink out of  
the sink at night,

so as not to wake the sleepers.

I tread lightly on my bare feet  
because they feel  
and think  
of e-v-e-r-y-thing  
that is  
and ever was.

I wear shoes  
to hold the water.

## Ode to Cucumbers

by Hriday Ahuja

The street  
filled with cucumbers,  
morning,  
winter,  
They are green like grasshoppers,  
Married to lettuces and cabbages,  
They party with their cousins,  
Potatoes, tomatoes, onions,  
In salads.

In restaurants like  
McDonald's and Subway,  
Cucumbers make delectable and mouthwatering  
burgers and sandwiches,  
Cucumbers have interesting friends like  
Olives, corn, capsicum,  
Chilies, peppers, sprouts.

Cucumbers are real coolers,  
We put them in our eyes  
to relax,  
Everyone wants to be  
as cool as a cucumber,  
Because when you're cool  
you can concentrate,  
Win a game,  
Solve any problem.

## Just Be

by Sophia Stone

There are many ways to live a life.  
There are many ways to be a husband or wife.

There are many ways to be a son or daughter.  
There are many ways to be a sister or brother.

There are many ways to be a teacher.  
There are many ways to be an Imam, a Rabbi, or Preacher.

There are many ways to be a friend.

And there are many ways it can all end.

So, my friend, remember this.

There are many ways to be.

So...just...  
be.

## Second Chance

by Ann Crawford

Did I fly through my life  
And miss the dance?  
Did I work through the night  
and miss the chance -  
for laughing and singing  
and love and romance?

Did I sleepwalk through living,  
holding my stance,  
rigid, controlling, giving  
no one a chance  
to enter my heart -  
my life to enhance?

Was it I - closed the door  
to an inviting glance,  
that offered me love  
and a marvelous chance  
to stay up through the night  
and dance the whole dance,  
- drift home through the mist  
as if in a trance,  
abandoned to love,  
to life and romance?

Since I have a choice  
And life's second chance,



ARGENTINA'S  
POPULAR  
DANCE

# CHACARERA

Argentinian popular folk dance in loose couples which rhythm varies by the region.

[SANTIAGO  
DEL ESTERO]

The Chacarera is a dance and music originated in Santiago del Estero, Argentina. A dance form played by contemporary musicians as soloists or in small ensembles of voice, guitar, violin and bombo drum, the Chacarera is often legitimized by its "origin" in the remote province of Santiago del Estero.



## VARIATIONS

### CHACARERA SIMPLE

The rhythm for this variant is 6/8 beats and usually the melody is done in two ternary times.

Dejame que me vaya Roberto Terzani  
Desde el puente carretero Carlos y Peneza Carabajal

### CHACARERA DOBLE

It doesn't change from the base structure, but the duration does. The stanzas or sung parts change from 8 to 12 beats.

Para qué me habrás mirado Luis Carabajal  
Adoranzas Culi y Roberto Carabajal

### CHACARERA TRIUNCA

The melody and the arrangements vary. The tunes for this type of chacarera usually have acrophal beginnings and feminine endings.

La vieja Acolfo Abalos  
Chacarera Trunca Atahualpa Tupanqui

### CHACARERA DEL MONTE

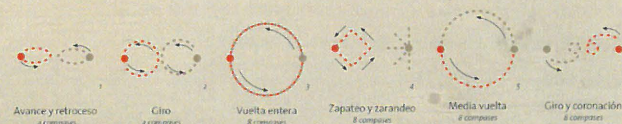
Its product of a mix from three different flows that combined the violin, two rown accordion and the chacarera

Chacarera del Monte José Antonio Faro  
Del Monte Adrián Culi Carabajal

## COSTUMES



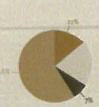
## CHOREOGRAPHY AND BEAT



## INSTRUMENTS

Stringed	Guitar/Violin
Membraphones	Bombo Drum

## TOURIST DEMAND OF THE DANCE



## TOURIST DEMAND OF THE MUSIC



ARGENTINA'S  
NATIONAL  
DANCE

# ZAMBA

Argentinian dance from the northwest. It is the national dance from this country.

[NW]

Zamba is a traditional dance from Argentina. It is a style of Argentinian music and Argentinian folk dance. It is a majestic dance, performed by couples who circle each other waving white handkerchiefs very elegantly. It has common elements with the cueca.



## VARIATIONS

### ZAMBA

There are some musicians who define it as a dance in 6/8 time, and others with a base in a melody in 3/4 and 6/8

Agilando Pariaños Hermanos Abalos  
Zamba de Lozano Manuel J. Castilla

### ZAMBA ALEGRE

It is danced in loose couples and it combines two musical rhythms: samba, slow and elegant pace, and el gato, much more lively and carefree

La Zamba Alegre Hermanos Abalos  
Zamba del Negro Alegre Los Guaranes

### ZAMACUECA

This comes to Argentina from the north, along with a primitive Zamba of which only the name applied to the Zamacueca was preserved.

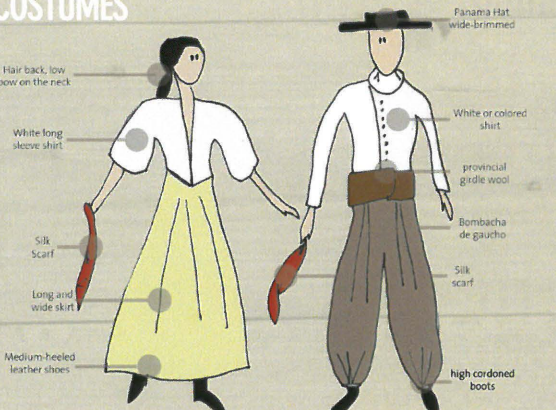
Zamba de Vargas Popular Anónimo  
La Zamacueca Carlos Vega

### ZAMBA ANTIGUA

This ancient rhythm is musically vivacious and choreographed lively and cheerful. A picaresque kind of dance and music.

Zamba del carnaval Manuel J. Castilla  
Tarija de sueños Huáscar Aparicio

## COSTUMES



## CHOREOGRAPHY AND BEAT



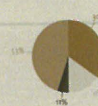
## INSTRUMENTS

Stringed	Guitar/Violin
Membraphones	Drum
Aerophones	Flute

## TOURIST DEMAND OF THE DANCE



## TOURIST DEMAND OF THE MUSIC





# Texas

by Courtney Kraus

The grass is stretching out and waking up when the sun pours over the first hill  
While the trees are standing at attention for the day to come.  
The water from the spring is singing with joy while the snakes are taking a quick morning swim.  
Air is thin, and the breeze is warm;  
The hogs are hiding, waiting to make trouble and gossiping to the others.  
When the tractor pulls up, the day begins and stays up till about five.  
The fog sets in like a blanket to the land.  
The smell of dinner is dancing around the acres.  
We eat, we sleep, and do it all again.

# The Delectable Pizza

by Hriday Ahuja

The delectable pizza  
Is full of cheese and veggies,  
Thick crust and thin,  
It is round or square  
Covered with tomato sauce and olive oil,  
And dripping with Italian cheese.

The Italians are awesome  
To come up with such a treat  
It tastes yummy with oregano and chili flakes on the top,  
Sometimes, they would play rap or disco to bring the mood,  
The aroma of garlic and oregano  
Would always cheer me up when I'm down,

At least once a week I would go  
And buy a delicious pizza slice with coke,  
Oh, that's nice  
I would drink coke with ice,  
I would watch it while  
Tossing it high and spinning,  
One will start grinning.



# The Lost Years of Christ

by Elaine Deering

Opening Scene: In a newsroom. Female newscaster is making an announcement.

NEWSCASTER:

The Vatican has announced today the authentication of Biblical scrolls detailing the childhood years of Christ, between the ages of seven and thirty, when he began his public life. The manuscript was found in Egypt where they were apparently hidden during the Apostle Paul's travels. The New Testament is strangely silent on the teen years of Christ. The manuscripts reveal troubled family relationships during Christ's teenage years, leading his parents to consult with an Elder in the Temple.

Cut to Joseph and Mary in the Vestibule of the Temple:

MARY:

I am so worried about our son. When he was seven, he was such a little lamb! He amazed the elders in the temple with his wisdom. Now he is very disrespectful of both me and my husband

ELDER:

I wouldn't be too worried, Mrs. Christ. It's normal for teenagers to rebel against their parents. It's a part of developing their self-reliance and stretching their wings.

MARY:

He has no respect whatsoever for my authority. The other day I reprimanded him for doing such a poor job of gathering up the dinner things. He said "Judge not, that you be not judged."

ELDER:

What did you say to that?

MARY:

I told him that we are always being judged by God.

ELDER:

And?

MARY:

And he said, "That's exactly my point. It's not up to you."

ELDER:

And then?

MARY:

Fortunately, I thought fast and said, "So I was just following God." That seemed to shut him up for awhile.

ELDER:

Good answer!

MARY:

He's also very lazy and refuses to help around the fields. I asked him to look after the sheep and then my husband found him sleeping on the job. When he bawled him out for it, Jesus just said, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He makes me lie down in green pastures; he leads me beside still waters."

ELDER:

This shows total devotion and trust in the Lord. I would encourage this attitude. Joseph, I would like to hear from you. What is your experience with your son?

JOSEPH:

Mary is right. It's such a hassle trying to get him to help out around the house. I asked him to help out with the harvest and he said, "The harvest is great, but the laborers are few. Ask the Lord of the harvest, therefore, to send out workers into his harvest field."

ELDER:

I wouldn't be too hard on him. He didn't refuse to do the work; he tried to recruit extra workers so you could reap the harvest right away.

JOSEPH:

I don't buy that. I think he is lazy and manipulative, looking for other people to do his work. He seems to have a superiority complex. He thinks he's too good to get his hands dirty working.

MARY:

Plus Jesus seems simply lacking in ambition. When I reminded him that he needed to be thinking of the future, he brushed me off and told me "Take therefore no thought for the morrow; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

ELDER:

That's very mature. He has chosen to not catastrophise, but to take each challenge one day at a time.



JOSEPH:

I tried to bond with him by teaching him the manly art of self-defense. He was a total wimp! He argued with me and told me, "If anyone strikes you on the right cheek, turn the other also."

MARY:

All of those things are pretty typical of teenagers, I guess. They bother me, but I understand that it's only temporary, but lately he's been saying—he's saying some truly disturbing things.

ELDER:

Such as what?

MARY:

He seems to be obsessed with dead things. We found evidence that he has been experimenting with bringing dead bodies back to life. And he has also shown an interest in vampires. He says things like "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you."

ELDER:

I agree with you, that is very strange.

JOSPEH:

I tried taking him fishing. I thought it would be a good father-son activity, but he really creeped me out when he said, "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men."

MARY:

We don't know what to make of it. Does it mean he ... prefers men?

JOSEPH:

Seems to me like the makings of a serial killer.

ELDER:

I wouldn't take it too seriously. Sounds to me like he was testing his powers of persuasion, to hook a crowd.

JOSEPH:

Well, he's going to be fifteen next month. And I dread that talk with him, when I explain to him where he came from.

ELDER:

Pro-creation is a beautiful and natural thing. What's the problem?

JOSEPH:

I'm just afraid he isn't going to believe me when I tell him his mother Mary was pledged to be married to me, but before we came together, she was found to be with child through the Holy Spirit.

ELDER:

I agree, it's very tough. You might start with the story of Adam, just to show him that not all men were created equal.

JOSEPH:

Thanks for the advice, Brother. I'll let you know what happens.

ANNOUNCER:

There you have it, the Lost Years of Christ. Coming soon to a religious book store near you!

Opposite by Vanessa Desmarais





## Autumn Time

by Kamryn Schilling

Leaves falling,  
Birds calling,  
Pumpkin spice fills the air.  
As we hit up the county fair,  
it's sweater weather.  
Let's gather together.  
Warm food filled with delight,  
Without a worry in sight,  
You know it's Autumn  
When the leaves finally hit bottom

Autumn



# Grounding

by Ann Crawford

So easy to be carried away  
Lifted off my feet into a spiraling  
tornado of feelings and events,  
Whirling in the firestorm of life.

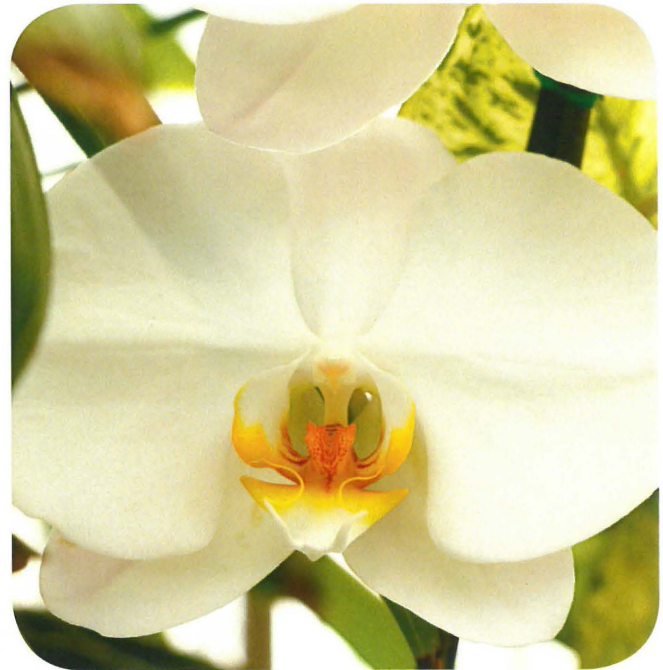
Heart aching, head spinning - I hear a distant thump.  
Tromping, stomping, clomping nearer.  
Jumbo shadow I evade, coming closer  
Until I can no longer resist  
Seeing, hearing, smelling...  
This huge gray beast.

He swings his massive head,  
Shakes it up and down, back and forth  
Large ears flopping, flapping, waving.  
Up goes the massive trunk higher and higher  
Until a roaring, blasting trumpet explodes the air  
Piercing my head and heart and soul.

Great thick legs - Greek columns lift and fall  
He turns and turns and turns 'til all  
I see is blinding flesh - a massive wall...  
His huge gray rump.

How does this tiny little tail-thing  
Balance that long swinging, swaying nose?  
Will he tip over forward onto his top  
and stand on his head like a circus act.  
Of course, he will - he is the Joker.

I plant my feet firmly on the ground  
Step back a step, then back again.  
Withdraw my center from his soul.  
He seems to shrink - more ridiculous, less humongous.  
When I let go my fear and notice he is here,  
Poof! He disappears!



Photos by Grace Paulus

# My Snowfall

by Meghan Ulmer

The earliest hint of white,  
it first fills your nose,  
existing in the air,  
before numbing your toes,  
falling so gently,  
atop your eyelashes so small,  
painting parking lots white,  
and putting an end to fall.



# Jupiter Shone

by Jeff Morgan

Jupiter Shone  
or rather  
reflected,  
similar to early American writers,  
the light of life  
and can never break free,  
become independent,  
but the planet's reaction  
this night in the Dry Tortugas,  
where if one looks at the stars long enough  
the sky and the sea blend together,  
is to extend a narrow beam,  
creating a walkway across the water  
to itself and another world.  
No writer,  
free to roam the universe of imagination,  
could hope to do more,  
for Jupiter's art has no intent;  
there is no internal source for the art,  
only reflection, a setting, and an audience,  
me,  
who no longer wishes to be a god  
to be a god.

# Telescope

by Marina Da Fonseca Parreiras

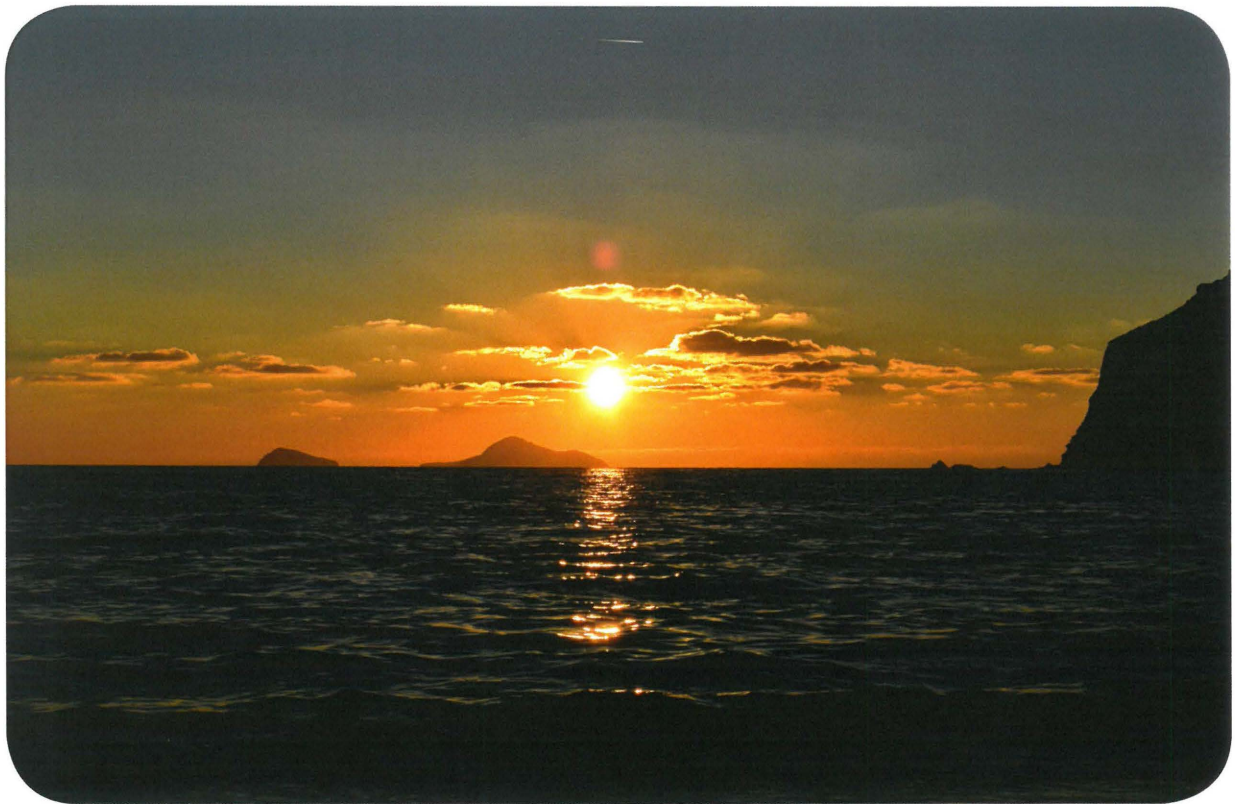
Come take a look.  
You might be surprised!  
The endless possibilities of the world can be seen through my eyes.  
Come take a look.  
I'll show you the stars, the planets and the sky.  
Come discover the wonders that space can hide.



# The Beauty that is Real

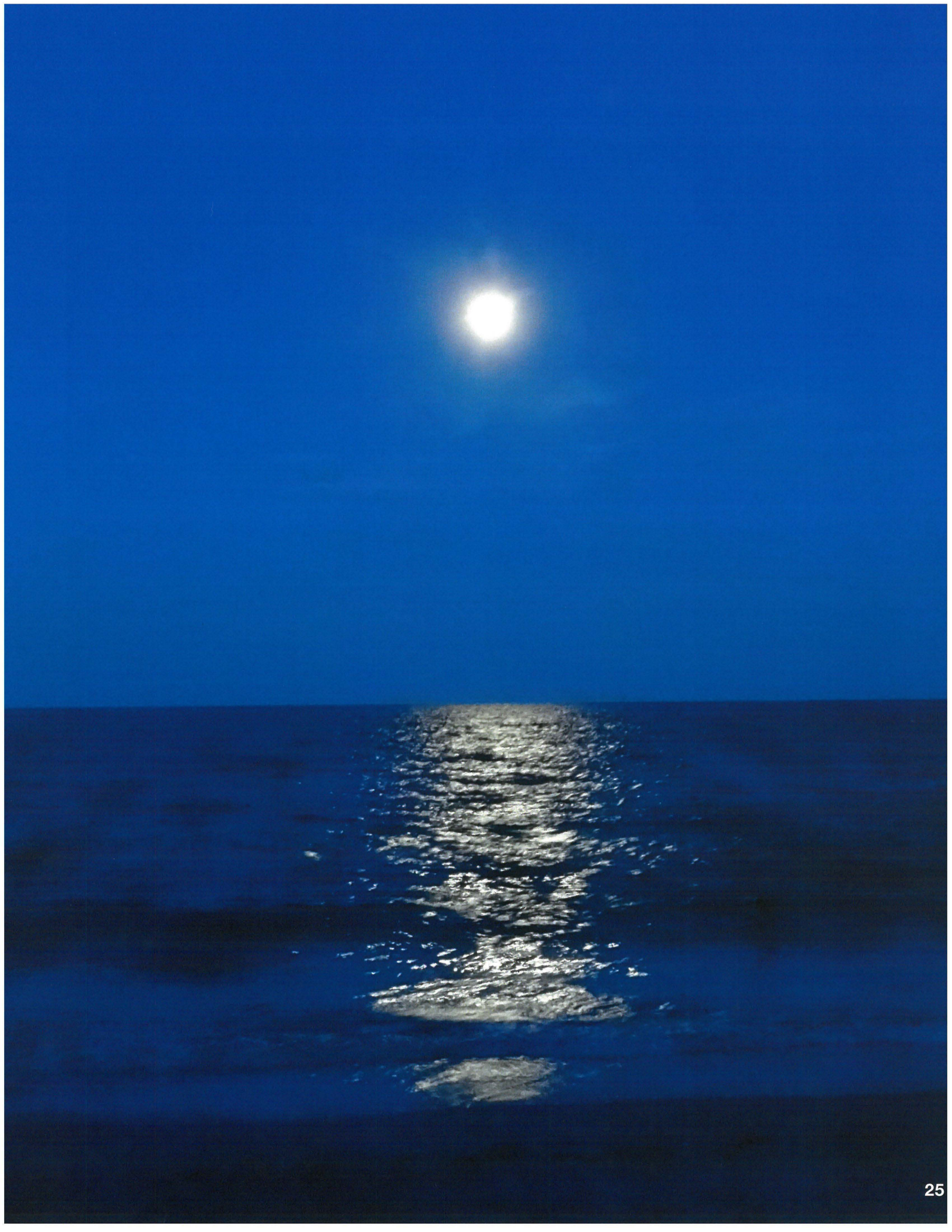
by Angelica Pierre

People mistake beauty for the life that is glamorized on the television.  
They are mesmerized by what is sold to them.  
They wouldn't see the beauty that is real, not even if it was told to them,  
The beauty that shows how you feel,  
The beauty that is not so easily replicated and outdated,  
The beauty that cannot be faded.  
They do not yet see that beauty,  
The beauty that is you, me, and many,  
The beauty that is real.  
They won't see it until they are tired and need to be truly fulfilled.  
Sincerely, the beauty that is real.



Above photo by Vanessa Desmarais  
Opposite photo by Stephanie Cononica









Top left photo by Stephanie Canonica  
 Top right photo by William Levy  
 Bottom left photo by Harika Rao  
 Bottom right photo by Stephanie Canonica

Opposite page photo by Harika Rao







## Nine Again

by Flucindia Supreme

It's fascinating how much stories  
they have.  
Gazing and recording endless  
nights and first kisses on the hill,  
lonesome nights with wandering minds,  
whispers of life into an ear as smiles creep.

I was nine again gazing at the same stars,  
the ones who watched as I laid and admired.  
I was nine again daydreaming of what my life  
would be like,  
daydreaming and gazing at the same stars,  
the ones who seemed to listen as others did not

I loved with stories they'd whisper  
in cavernous sleep,  
I've traveled great distances,  
flying to the greatest heights,  
farthest point known beyond man,  
for they promised and kept,  
a trip of a lifetime.

I was nine again when the stars spoke to me.

## Potentiality

by Clarissa Vieira

You are someone  
Being something  
Going somewhere  
Doing whatever

Whoever you are  
You are being something  
Whatever you do  
Take you somewhere

So I ask you  
Who are you?  
What do you do?  
Where are you going?

And it answers  
I am everything  
With everyone  
In everywhere  
At all the times

Because I am what I am

## Several Haiku

by Ann M. Crawford

Inhale the wind and feel  
The flowers and birds and morning air  
And know that God is real.

Live in the moment  
Feel the earth turning below  
Keep your feet planted.

Cool fall morning air  
Alive with pungent sights and smells  
Reminds me of you.

Hot wet summer wind  
Drippy sweat runs down my neck  
I love winter best.





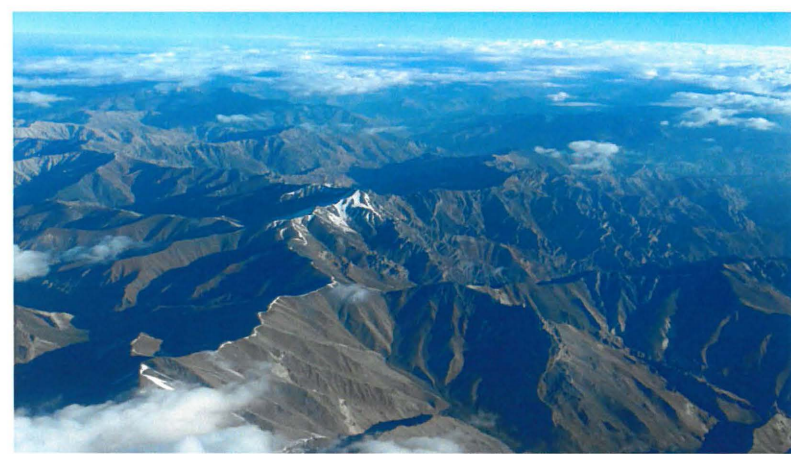
Top photo by Harika Rao  
Bottom photo by Stephanie Canonica



# There and Back Again: Environmental Images of Samburu, Kenya and Ladakh, India

with Dr. Marcheta Wright

During February and March 2016 and then again in July and August of that year, Dr. Wright traveled to various locations in Kenya and India to research environmental conditions/problems and the local communities' responses to them. She wanted to learn how indigenous peoples, and indigenous women in particular, are empowered to engage in such problem solving. The following images are excerpts from those field research experiences. They depict various environmental situations revolving around water availability/scarcity and endangered species. The Sabbatical was funded by the Kathleen Cheek-Milby Fellowship award.



Above photos from Ladakh





Above photos from Samburu





Top photo by Paolo Banos  
Bottom photo by Grace Paulus

Opposite page photo by Grace Paulus







# Harriet Tubman

by Angela Kahan

Sweet Angel of flight  
Carry me to freedom's dawn  
Through earth's sleeping bowels.



# Break-up Is Not an Option

by Harika Rao

The change in times is leading towards diversity. Diversity comes with its own package of virtues and vices. Playing the devil's advocate here, let's look at some of the issues with diversity in relationships.

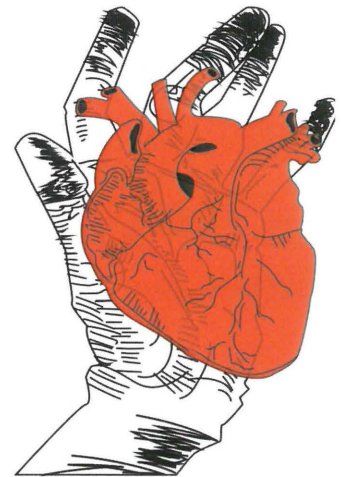
Love is the amazing bond to share with the special someone. It makes you feel wonderful and 'makes the world around you marvelous.' In my opinion, love is worth the experience and it's a bliss when it transforms to a stronger relationship, also known as marriage.

This is all the nice side of falling in love. What happens when things turn a little rough between the couple? Most of the couples call it quits without even trying to sort out things. If anything in this case, today's digital world of communication makes it worse. Texting or leaving voice messages has become the trend to communicate (rudely) during hard times.

Once this stage is passed, people make the worst mistake by calling it quits. 'Break-up' seems to be the best solution for everyone in trouble? I fail to understand this concept. Wouldn't it be easier to sit and talk through the issue instead of being stupid? My personal opinion is to take help, maybe from a trustworthy friend or professional help.

If you don't try to make it work with the person you so called 'love' at the given point in time, there is no guarantee that you will ever find a partner for life. Unfortunately, with all the love dramas we witness around us, it is common to see individuals walking around with a trail of broken hearts and souls behind them.

Break-up is NOT the solution peeps! COMMUNICATION will definitely resolve the issues, of any kind.



Above drawing by Sinem Cesur  
Opposite page painting by Kip Miller



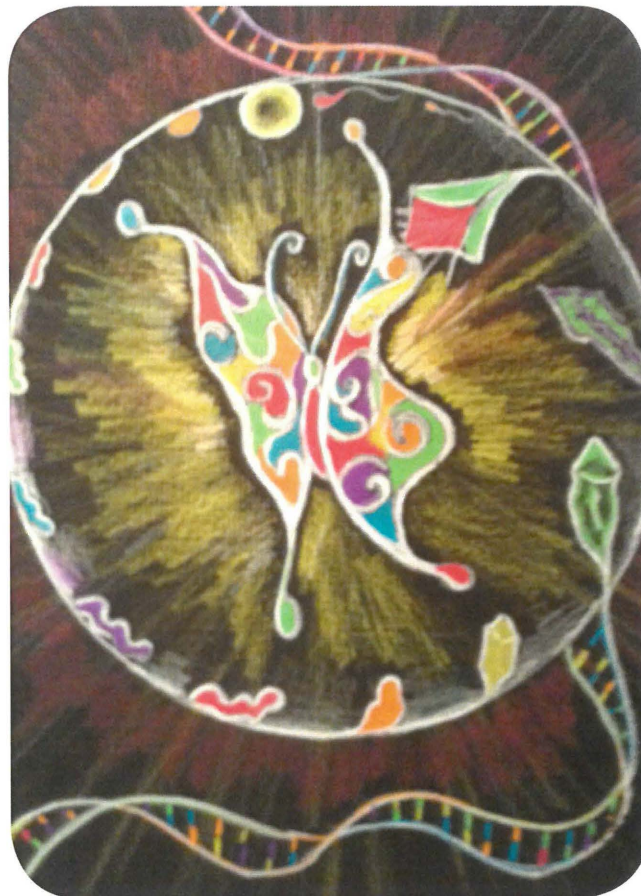
# Companion Forever

by Harika Rao

Years have wafted  
As swift as a coursing river  
Rafting through experiences  
Strengthening our bond  
Journey is more adventurous  
With you beside me!

As we hold hands  
In the wake of love  
On the seashore  
The roaring waves  
Is like melody to ears  
With you beside me!

The heaps of love  
So pure and unjaded  
Like a rainbow  
On a warm shiny day  
Life is lovely  
With you beside me!  
We complete each other  
Harmonizing one another  
As water and lotus  
Like an ornament on the Christmas tree  
World is festive  
With you beside me!



# Head Talking About Neck

by Karla Rosario

Oh neck such a beautiful neck,  
I wish I could give you a lovely peck.  
With you holding me up so high,  
I feel like I could just get up and fly.  
I have such a lovely view,  
And I feel like you and I make a really cool crew.  
Oh neck such a beautiful neck,  
Wait a moment, give me a sec.  
My eyes get watery.  
I feel like with you I won the lottery,  
Oh neck, I love you neck.



Top painting by Ann Crawford  
Bottom painting by Angelica Capote

Opposite collage by Andy Hirst





Heart's DESIRE

Meow

Class

elegance, ABOVE AND BEYOND

CH STUFF ARE MADE ON

WPECT KISS

LOVE

Passion. I'm all about it.

Hello delicious

LOVE YOU BEAUTY

LOVE STORY

beauty

IN THE MOOD

SUNNING  
LIVING  
SANDWICH  
Smiling

You LOOK AS BEAUTIFUL TONIGHT AS YOU DO THIS MORNING!

CHOOSE LOVE

ROMANTICS



WORK OF ART

teach other

ONGER

ts  
TY

MRS. GLAMOR

Gorgeous  
E STORY

FOR

TO GO ON

ANDOR

LOVE STORY  
YOU SHOULD  
BE AWED  
BY YOUR AG

A PROPER LOVE

LOVE STORY  
LIFE-LASTING LOVE

ries for a lifetime.

Mind, Body

ONE WOMAN SHOW

want to be with you

Flawless JESSICA

Hello, Gorgeous.

Oh, hey the SEX



## Muse, Please Come Home

by Angela Kahan

On my tongue pulling or in my mind whispering,  
she helps me find my voice.  
She's been gone now for quite some time,  
and I'm frightened she may never visit again.  
By chance, have you seen her?

She's the color of light and small as dust,  
and her breath is a lilting song.  
Without the tickle of her plume,  
the ink of my hand has turned bone-dry.  
Please, have you seen her?

I may have treated her like a circus clown,  
demanding balloon animals when she wasn't in the mood,  
but I was choking with so much to say,  
and she was my cool drink of water.  
You will tell me if you see her?

Release grows in the field of expression,  
so in her absence, I'm bottled.  
Until she returns from lands unknown,  
I can only press my nose against glass, looking.  
If you should see her, please lead her home.

## Heart and Mind

by Hriday Ahuja

When I met you my life changed,  
Since then this feeling is there,  
I always think about you,  
I find it hard to sleep and concentrate  
As I'm in deep thoughts.

My mind says that it's not right to love you  
As I have other things to do,  
But from my heart says I love you,  
The feeling I have for you keeps growing/getting fonder  
Day by day.

It is hard to decide whether to follow  
The heart or the mind,  
I can't deprive the heart  
By putting you apart.

The thing common between the mind and the heart  
Is that both are saying what's right,  
It's for an individual to decide which to listen to,  
A hard decision,  
If I forget you  
Then I might have a regretful feeling,  
If I think about you  
Then I'd feel more comfortable,  
But this is for sure  
That you are a part of my life and will always be.

## Seven Promises

by Brian Garcia

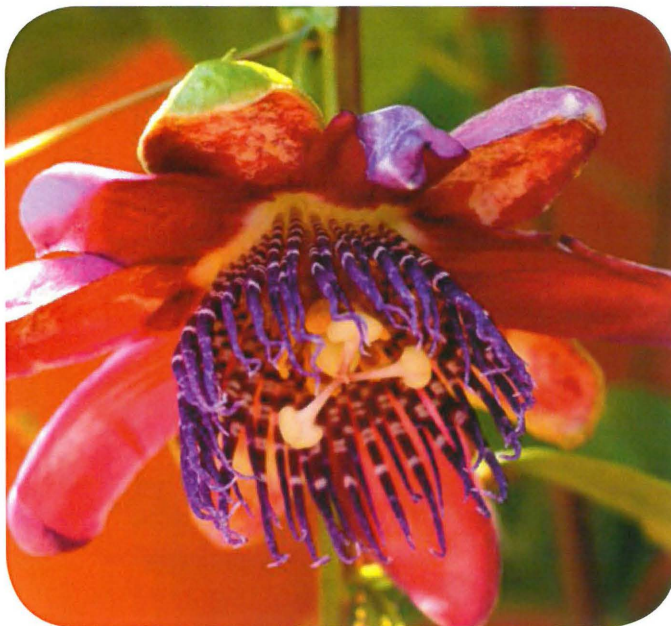
The sound of the marimba and the smell of ripe fruit are refreshed in my heart every time I hear your name.

Seven promises in white, blue, and red, are my paradise of life,  
a world of aromas and colors.

Yes,  
they are seven, the promises that make me remember that even though I am far away from you  
I will find the day you will hug me again with your purple petals, and even though I am far away from you  
I will find the day I get to hear your clay-colored voice wake me up again, waiting outside of my window.

And when that day arrives, then  
I will never be away from you, and forever  
I will live next to you and your smell of coffee, rain, and sun.





## Light

by Ann Crawford

I am the Light that moves in Love through the dark.  
 I am a blazing beacon fire flashing lanterns from high distant hills  
 I am the seed that loves the earth enclosing it.  
 I am my own Light

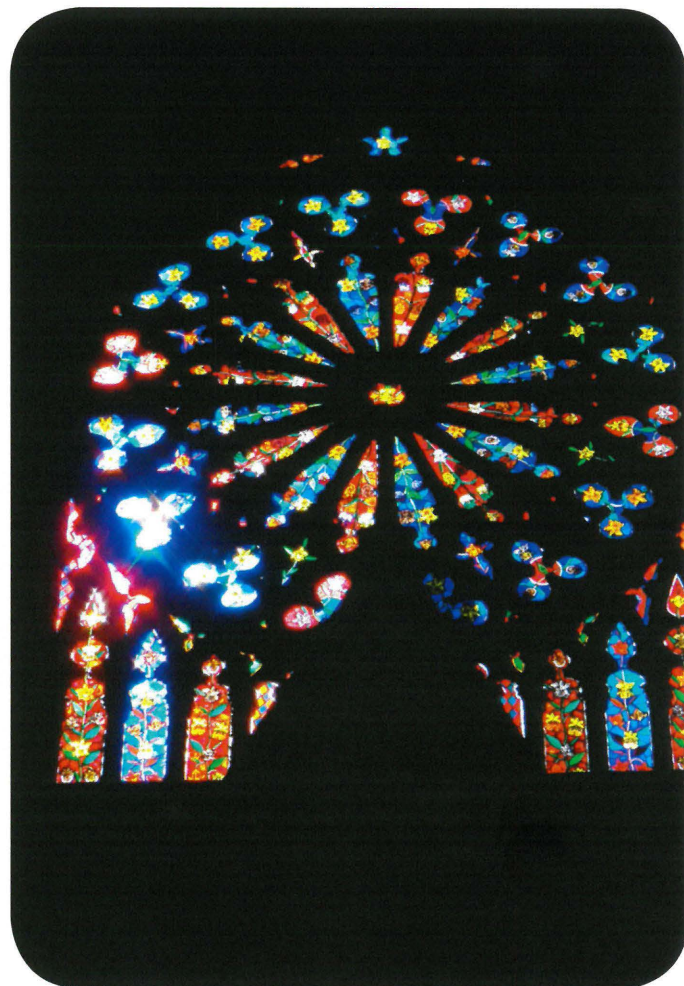
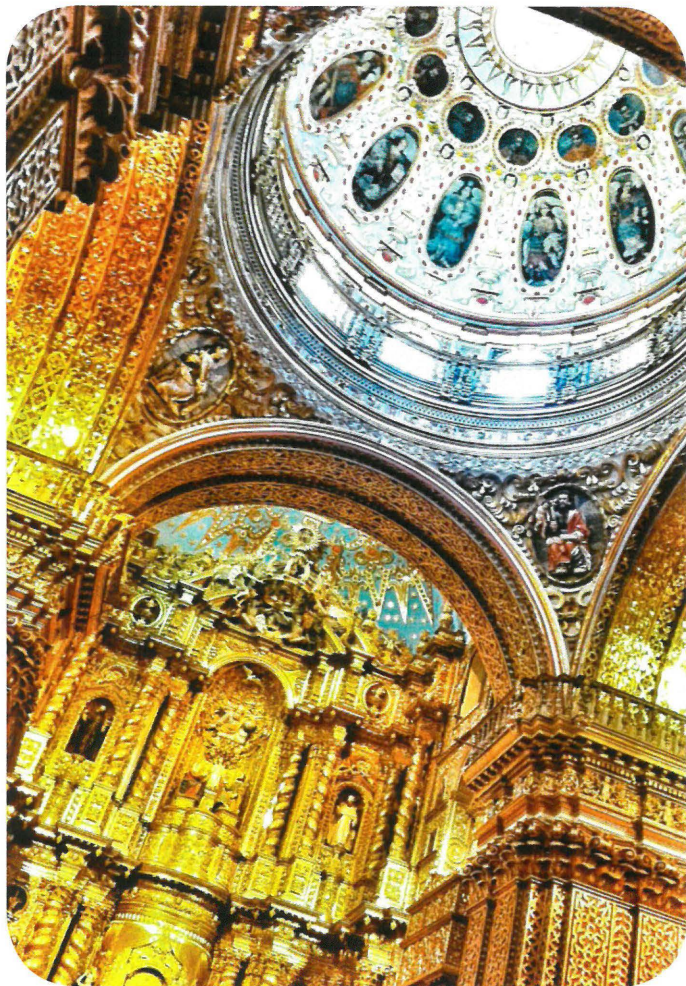
Top left painting by Kip Miller

Top right photo by Grace Paulus

Bottom left photo by Harika Rao

Bottom right painting by Angelica Capote





Top left photo by Sydney Putnam  
 Top right photo by Sydney Putnam  
 Bottom left collage by Andy Hirst  
 Opposite photo by Sydney Putnam

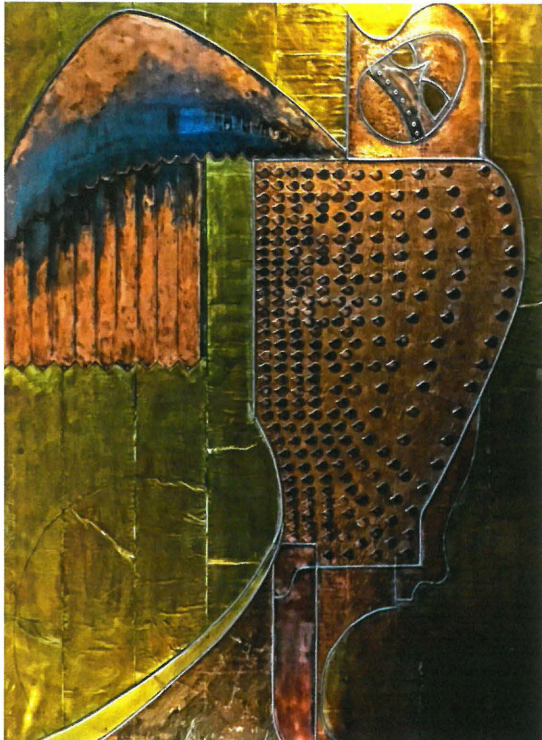
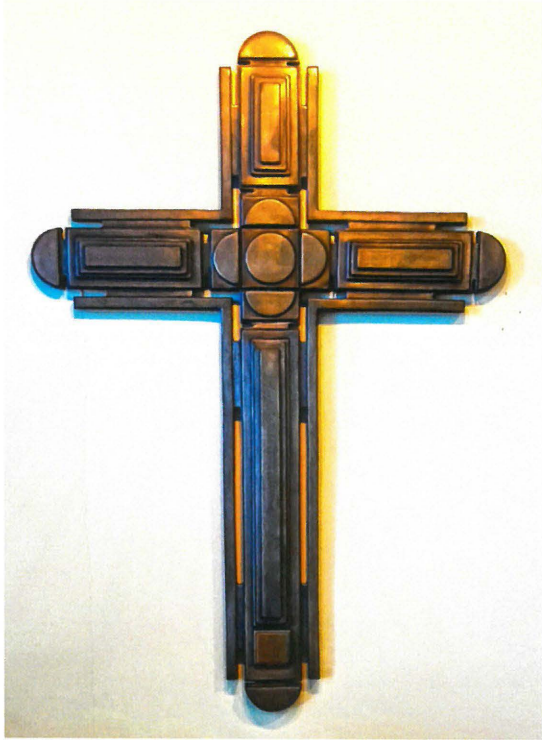




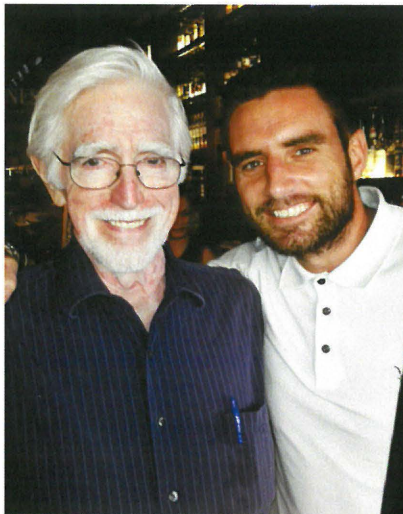


# Ernest Ranspach

Professor Emeritus



The circular design element was taken from the stained glass windows in the chapel, which were designed, made and installed by one of our past art majors, whose name escapes me at the moment.



Ern's best former student, Andy Hirst designed the covers of the Dialogues of Learning book covers and still works here in a creative capacity.

For an interview with Professor Emeritus Ranspach - see Quest digital book.



Opposite sculpture of Thomas Merton by Ernest Ranspach





Thomas Merton  
1915-1968





Above drawing by Ingram Ditmar  
Opposite page photo by Vanessa Desmarais



## And the Metaphor

by Jennifer McMillian

There is no 'good' sun.  
I want to believe,  
that we know that it shines  
and what it wholly means.  
"You must redeem yourself."

- no, no, it's not what you think.  
You see the irony or you become it,  
here, in Bizarro World.  
Don't lose perspective.  
Don't negate the other.  
We are both  
We are  
...we are  
one and many.  
But not all.







# A Terrible, Horrible Interview

by Heather Fiveson

Setting: A comfortable office of modern design. One swivel chair behind a large desk with one hard, wooden chair in front. Potted plants, book cases, and knickknacks surround the room.

At Rise:

I knock on the office door and the interviewer is sitting behind a desk.

INTERVIEWER

Come in!

(I walk in, timidly)

INTERVIEWER

Hello, come sit down (Waves to the chair in front of the desk).

ME

Thank you (I shake hands with interviewer and sit).

INTERVIEWER

How are you today? (Says as he sits down)

ME

Just terrible, I can't handle my life. I just want to be done. I'm so sad all the time.

(Starts crying uncontrollably)

And what's worse, my boyfriend is cheating on me. I hate my life.

(Waves hands in distress)

I just really have no idea what to do.

INTERVIEWER

(Attempts to interrupt)...um, ma'am?

ME

(Talks over interviewer) I mean how much can a girl take?! He's cheating on me with my two best friends... BOTH of them!

INTERVIEWER

(Wears a face of uneasiness) You know this is an interview right?

ME

(Confused and apologetic) Oh, I thought this was a therapy session.

INTERVIEWER

(With an uncomfortable but not unkind expression) That would be next-door.



Above image by Joseph Kisluk

Opposite page painting by Jean Tomasulo



# Bitter

by Alexandra Caplan

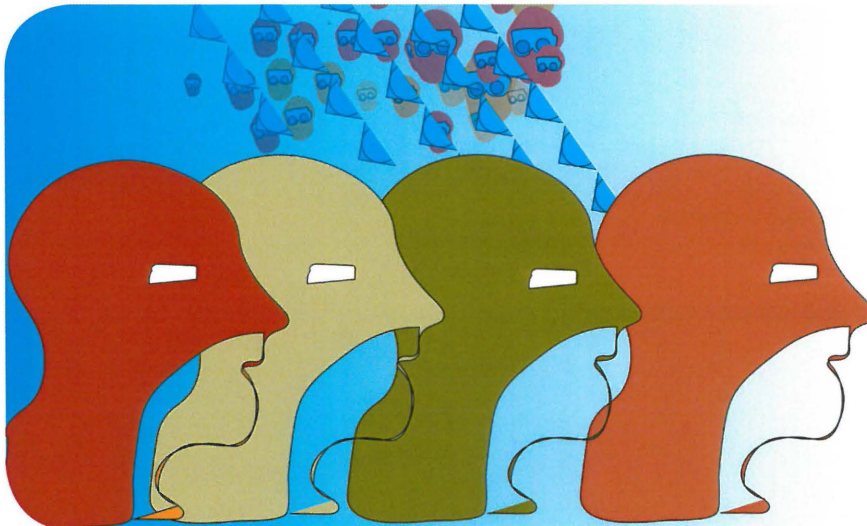
It's raining;  
Wracked with grief I am tormented by you, your poisonous words eat at me still, burning my blood.  
Worthless  
Pariah  
Mistake  
Goodbye.  
You are a ghost  
A memory  
A bad dream.

The sun came up,  
I am now awake, the fog has cleared  
The sleep sand is out of my eyes,  
A new day has begun, filled with determination I look to the sky.  
My soul is beating,  
No more fear, those were my last bitter tears.

# Her Presence was Felt

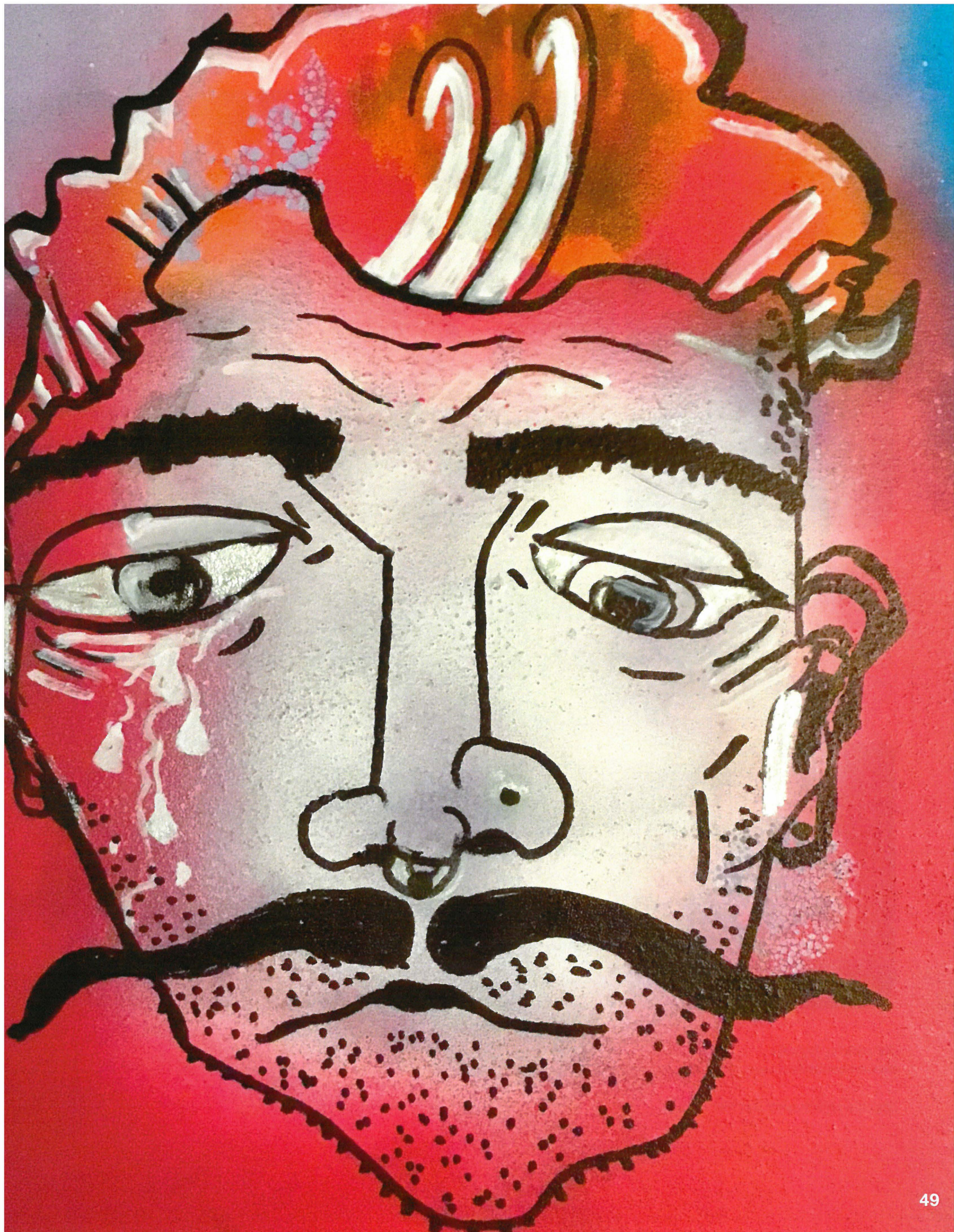
by Paula Hyman

We sat together, listening to a piece by Mozart.  
Suddenly, the realization hit us.  
We were very familiar with this music.  
It was her favorite one to play on the piano.  
She practiced it incessantly, wanting to perfect it, but never reaching that goal.  
My father's expression was one of sorrow, then it returned to his usual stoic countenance.  
As I turned to my daughter, I saw tears welling up in her eyes.  
I looked back towards the pianist and the orchestra.  
I closed my eyes for a few seconds, and I could see her watching, smiling while she listened.  
Intent on hearing each note, knowing when the next phrase began.  
It was a soul searching moment that will never be replicated.

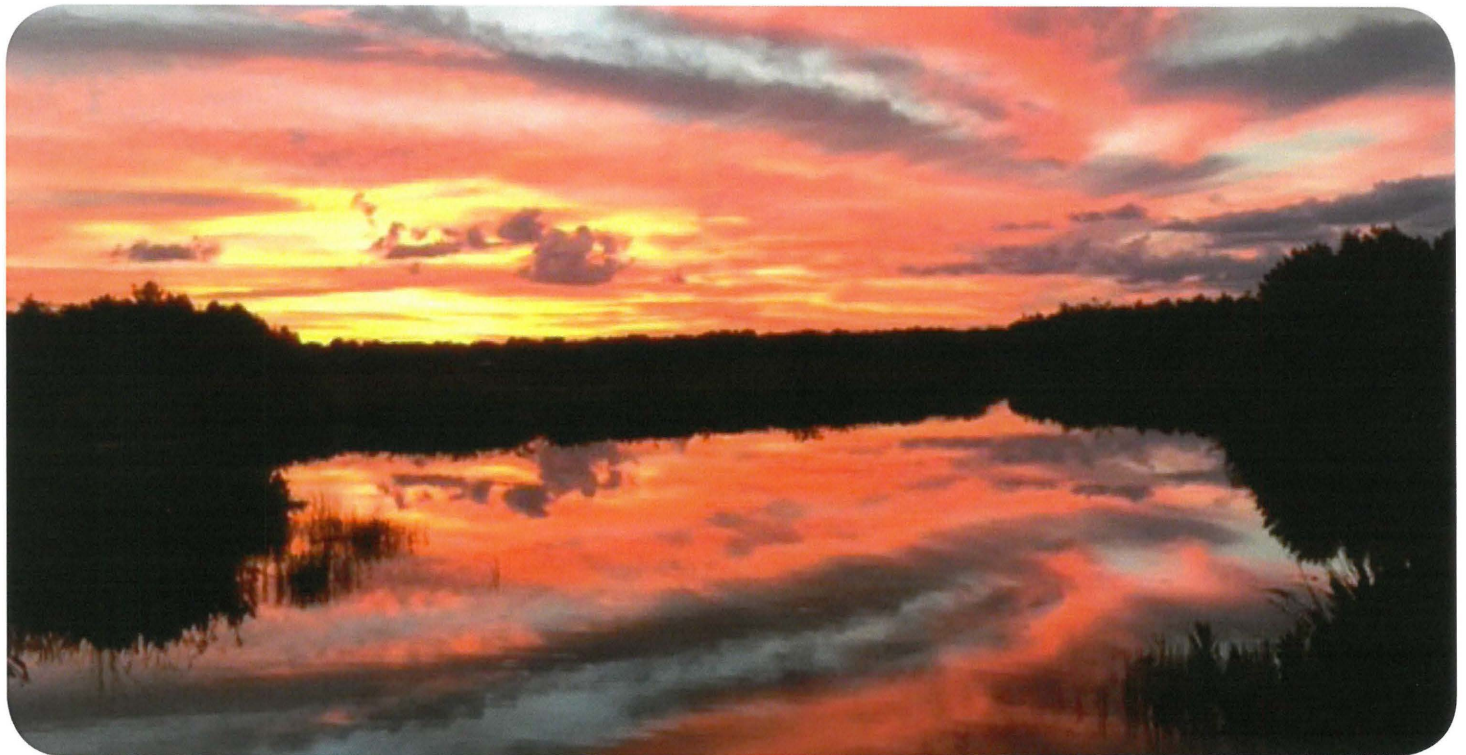
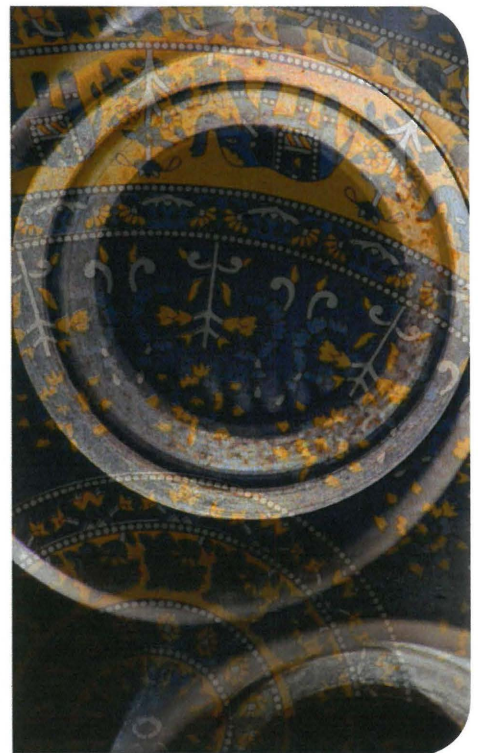


Left drawing by DylanTregoning  
Opposite page painting by Kip Miller









Top photo by Togin Aje  
Bottom photo William Levy

Opposite page drawing Joey Hall







# Coq au Vin

by David Fleisher

SETTING: "Grace's Intimate Videos"

AT RISE: LUCKY LUGAR is sitting in a chair, facing the audience. GRACE ENTERS in a hurry.

GRACE  
Pucky?

LUCKY  
Lucky, Lucky Lugar.

GRACE  
I'm Grace.

LUCKY  
Hi.

GRACE  
No reason to be nervous.  
(Pointing to audience)  
Just pretend the camera's not there. You're talking to that special someone who's been looking for you her whole life. And Lucky, she's right out there ... waiting to be swept off her feet.

(GRACE EXITS. LUCKY stares at the audience a few moments)

LUCKY  
Hi. I've never really done anything like this before and it feels pretty weird. My name's Lucky Lugar, and I have two sisters. The older one's name is Jennifer, and my younger sister is Patricia. She's kind of the smart one in the family ... next to me.  
(Clears throat)  
Hi, I'm Lucky. I don't really know what to say about myself, except I'm nervous as hell sitting here in front of this camera. I feel like I'm going to make a complete fool of myself. Why is it so hard to meet people? I mean, why can't we just get married, have children, retire, and die in peace? Why does life have to be so complicated? Actually, I'm a very shy person, so this whole video thing goes against my nature. Damn it!  
(HE stands and stretches)

LUCKY  
Look, I don't even need to be here, okay? All I'm looking for is a girlfriend, and I'm sick to death of singles bars, so I decided to give this a try. But the thing is, you still won't know who I am even after you see this video. See, I can't show you the real me in front of a camera. You need to

actually be with me to know me. So you're probably wondering why I'm doing it. Don't I have anything else better to do? Well, frankly, that's none of your business. How I choose to spend my time is up to me and me alone. Okay?

(GRACE ENTERS)

GRACE  
Well, how's it going?

LUCKY  
Fine.

GRACE  
That's the ticket. Now we do have a few people waiting to make their videos but take your time. Make sure you end up with what you want that "special someone" to see.

(GRACE EXITS)

LUCKY  
Hi, I'm Lucky ... Lucky Lugar, and I've been debating for a long time whether to even have another relationship. See, my last one didn't end very well. Shit! Hi! Before I tell you my name, let me ask you a question. Do you believe in fate? Because I do. I honestly believe everything that happens was meant to be. That's why you and me will want to spend the rest of our lives together, I know it, I can feel it ... or is it you and I? English was never my strongest subject in school. What was your favorite subject?  
(Stares at audience a few moments)  
Hell with it.

(LUCKY starts to leave, when GRACE ENTERS)

GRACE  
How are we doing?

LUCKY  
We're doing good ... just trying to fine tune a few things.

GRACE  
No fine tuning. To get the best result, it should be spontaneous.

LUCKY  
Spontaneous.

GRACE  
Maybe you're trying too hard.

LUCKY  
You think?

GRACE  
Maybe.



LUCKY  
Okay, I'm ready.

GRACE  
Lucky, may I tell you something?

LUCKY  
By all means.

GRACE  
You're a very nice looking young man. Any woman would be lucky to have you. Think about that as you ...  
(Pointing to audience)  
... meet your new bride.

LUCKY  
Grace ... May I call you Grace?

GRACE  
Please do.

LUCKY  
You've given me confidence in myself. I'll be out of here in no time.

GRACE  
No hurry. Just try not to dilly-dally.

(GRACE EXITS)

LUCKY  
Okay, there's something you should probably know about me. I killed someone. But she deserved it. Anyway, that's all in the past and I'd rather not talk about it. I'm trying to start my life over again. People hit the reset button every day, don't they? Hi, I'm Lucky Lugar and I'd really like to meet you, maybe go to dinner, then a movie. You like French food?  
(Pause)

You're not going to let me forget about that, are you? All you can think about right now is, omigod, that man on the screen killed someone. Well, let me tell you something. People, all people, deserve a second chance. Look, I'm just trying to be honest with you. Hobbies? I like hiking and cooking. You like doing those things? Let's be optimistic. We might hit it off. Why not give it a chance? I'm willing. Are you?  
(Pause)

Oh, I see. You're still thinking about that, aren't you? I make one little mistake in my life. I killed my girlfriend and my second grade teacher, and that's it as far as you're concerned. No second chances. Right? Well, fine!

(GRACE ENTERS)

GRACE  
Lucky?

LUCKY  
Stick it, bitch.

GRACE  
No problem.

(SHE EXITS)

LUCKY  
Look, I know you're thinking I'm not good enough for you. Right? Well, am I right?! Listen, let me tell you something. Just because I killed a girlfriend and a teacher, that doesn't make me a bad person. People make mistakes. All I want now is to meet someone special ... like you ... someone who'll love the inner me. I want to wake up in the morning and look forward to spending our whole day together. I want us to make love on the beach and travel all over the world. I have all this passion, and I want to share it with you. An ex-girlfriend ... a stupid teacher ... my parents? Who are we if we can't forgive? Look, we'll go easy in the beginning. Maybe we could start with a bowl of onion soup, then move on to Coq au Vin.

(GRACE ENTERS, clapping her hands)

GRACE  
Listen, we really need to wrap things up here. They're getting edgy in the waiting room. I think we need to be a little more considerate of other people. Don't you, Lucky?

LUCKY  
Would you come over here for a moment, please?

GRACE  
Of course.  
(As SHE approaches)  
You're sweating. Is something the matter?

(LUCKY whips off his belt and wraps it around her neck)

GRACE  
My God! What are you doing?

LUCKY  
I don't like your attitude.

GRACE  
Let me go, please let me go. I can't breathe for God's sake!

(LUCKY tightens the belt, until GRACE drops to the floor, motionless. HE stares straight ahead at the audience)

LUCKY  
I know this great little French place out in the country ... candlelight ... soft music. It's beautiful.

(LIGHTS FADE)  
END OF PLAY



# I Need You

by Hriday Ahuja

My heart is lonely,  
I've been living alone,  
I'm saying this every moment  
that I need you,  
Why should my soul bear this?  
Absence has made my heart grow fonder.

I had a close relationship with darkness,  
You brought light into my life,  
Now that the darknesses have come back,  
I find myself alone/isolated and lost.

Without you there's only darkness,  
Even I can't bear loneliness now,  
I am living incomplete.

The clinking of your bangles,  
Your melodious voice and  
your laughter echoes  
in my mind.

I am calling you,  
I miss you.

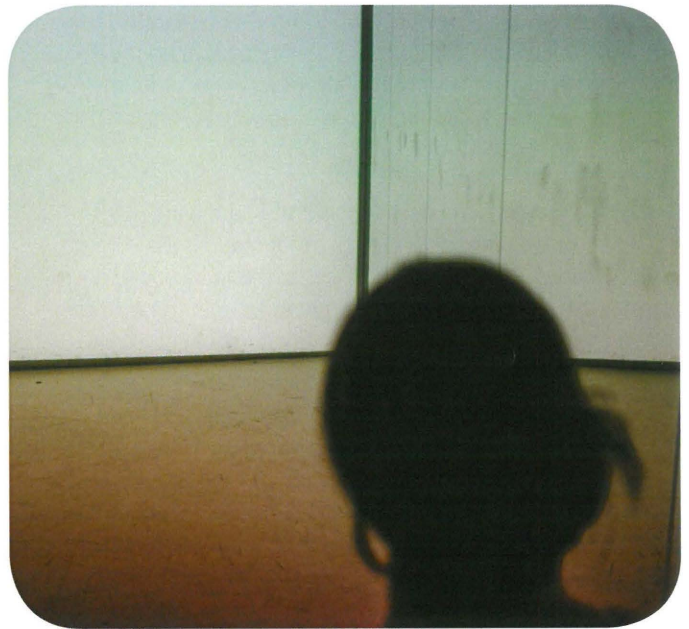
# Sigue Creyendo

by Anonymous

Sigue creyendote mi silencio  
Y mis falsas intenciones  
de que no me importa nada.  
Sigue creyendo,  
Que no me muero por ti  
Que te soy infiel  
Que me acuesto con otras  
Sigue creyendo que no me conoces  
Y que tengo un truco bajo la manga  
Que en cualquier momento me voy,  
Y te dejo por algo mejor  
Miéntete,  
Convéncete de que te haz enamorado de algo mas, que no fui yo.  
Sigue creyendo,  
que te falta por descubrir  
Sigue creyendo que no somos nada  
Sigámos siendolo todo  
No te engañes por favor,  
Soy la puta que domaste.



Above left photo by William Taylor  
Above right photo by Justin Hearn





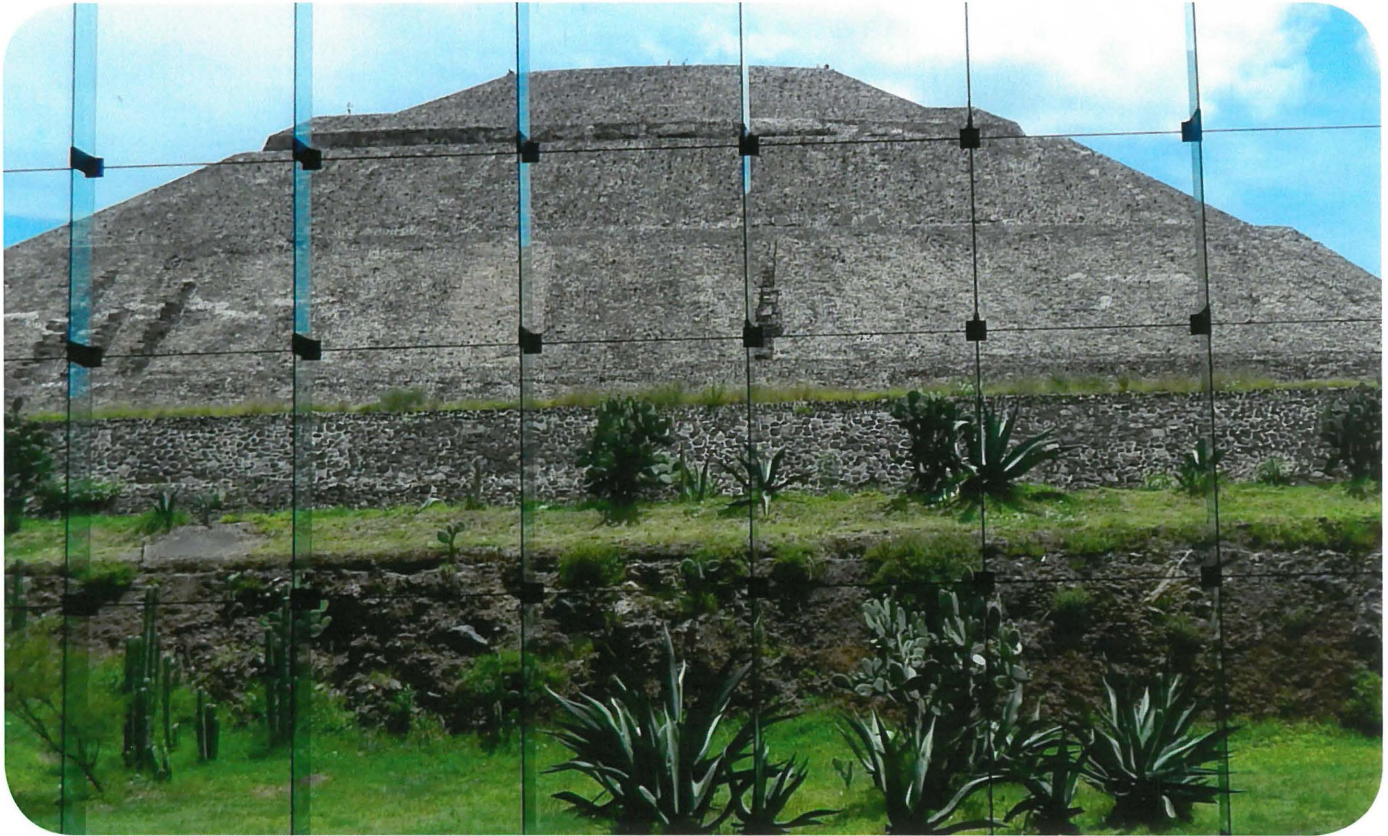


Photo by Paula Banos

## Self-thought

by Flucindia Supreme

I'm fighting a battle of self-expression and I'm losing,  
Unconsumed in the importance of things,  
I've paralyzed myself of conveying most emotions.

It's really a confusion of perception,  
at what point did I make an unconscious decision,  
this decision free of everything that makes us human.

I'm scared of this person I've become,  
At a point it gets harder to refer one to a being,  
A being characterized by expressions of emotional  
states  
whether be through speech or actions.

What have I become?

## Shot Out Nerve

by Khyla Bodie

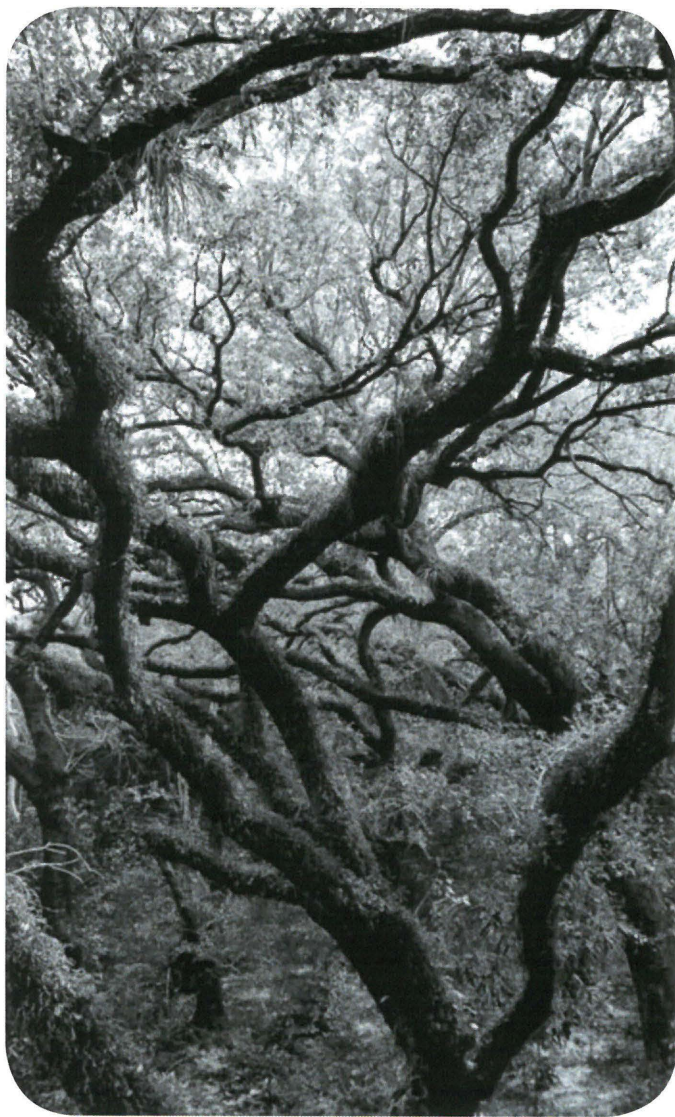
I give him permission  
To draw out the searing hot tears that scar my cheeks:  
A permanent trail for the rest to follow.  
The hollow pull in my heart sucking my insides dry:  
Intensified by my love.  
My nerves are shot from being used one too many times:  
A broken alarm.  
Unable to sense the difference between burning hot and cold.  
Jumping at any sound in the  
darkness because I can't tell what's safe. He broke me, and in  
this broken state I can only be  
content in him.



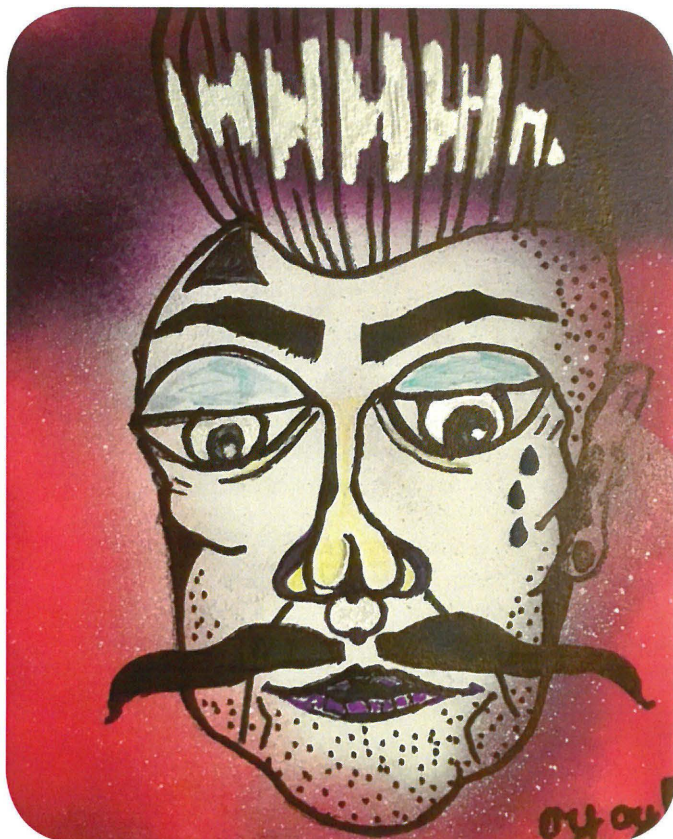
# The Day of John F. Kennedy's Assassination: JFK's P.O.V.

by Rachel Wong

Smiling and waving almost came automatically to me, looking into the crowd and pasting a plastic smile on my face. Looking over to my left, I see my wife and the mother of my children doing the exact same thing, waving almost mechanically. I grab her other hand and hold it as the vehicle continues to drive away from the crowds. A hair on the back of my neck prickles, and I get a cold chill down my spine. I look over at Jackie and the darkness and nothing.



Top left photo by Grace Paulus  
Top right painting by Kip Miller  
Bottom right painting by Kip Miller





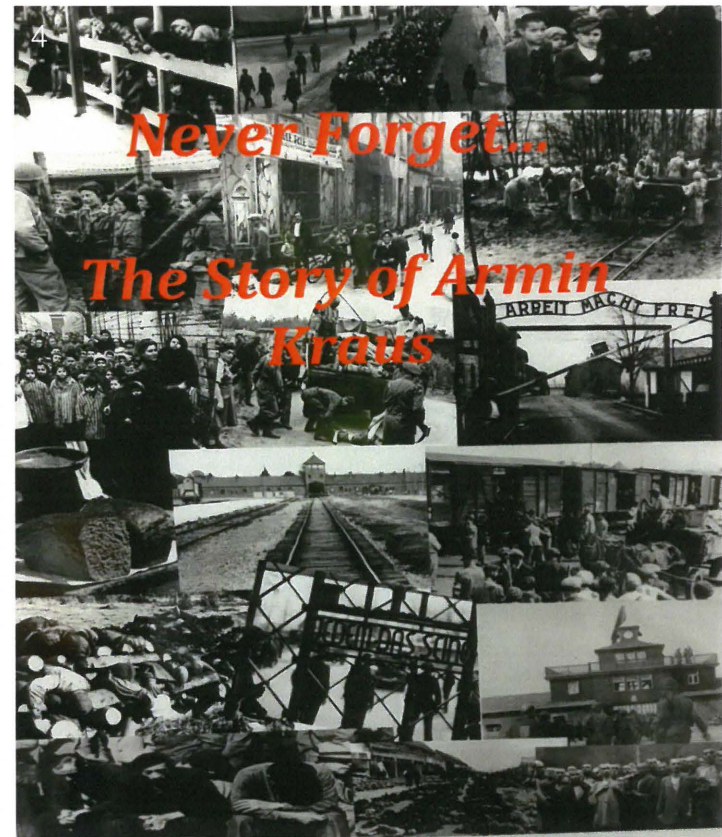
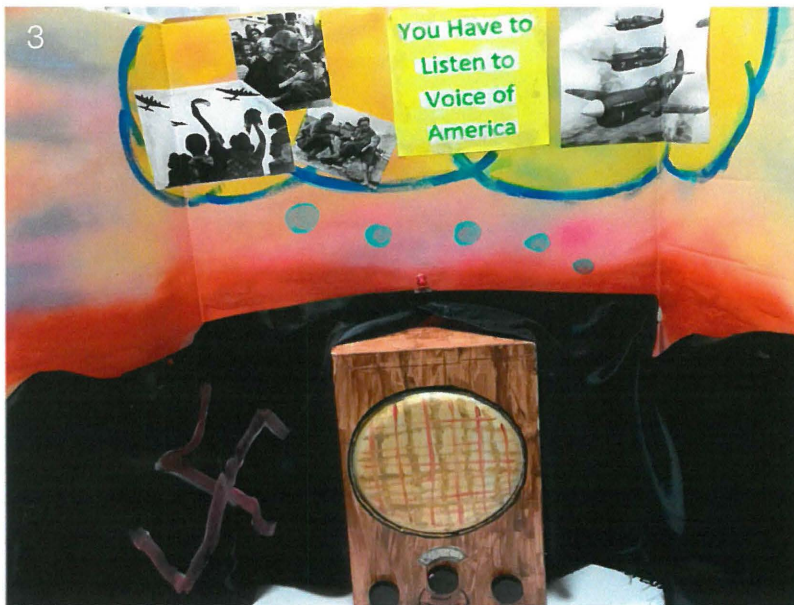
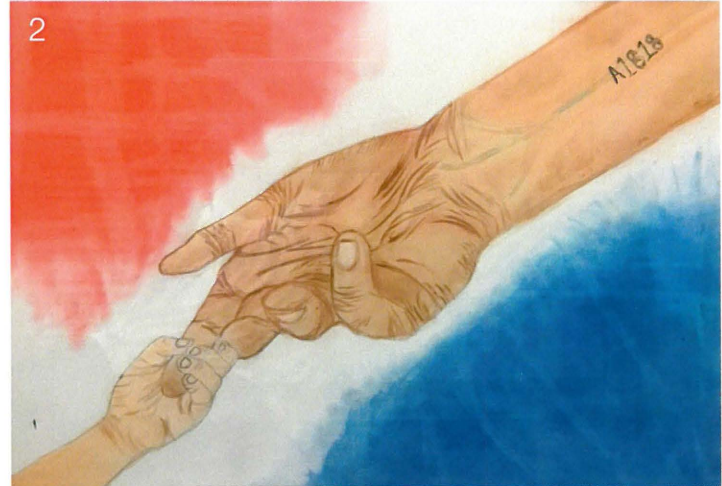


Top photo by Alexandra Caplan  
Bottom drawing by Brian Thiabault



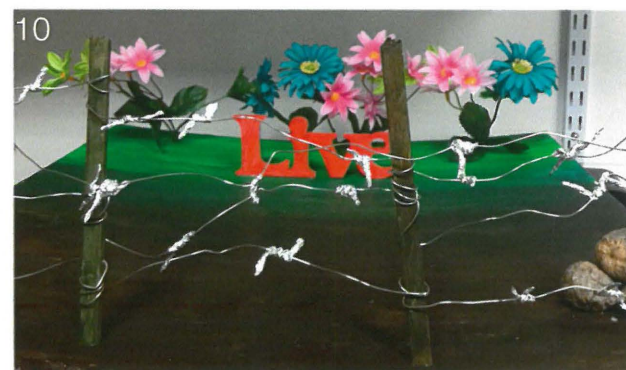
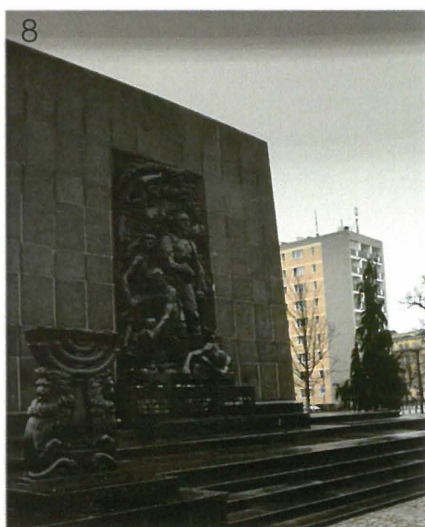
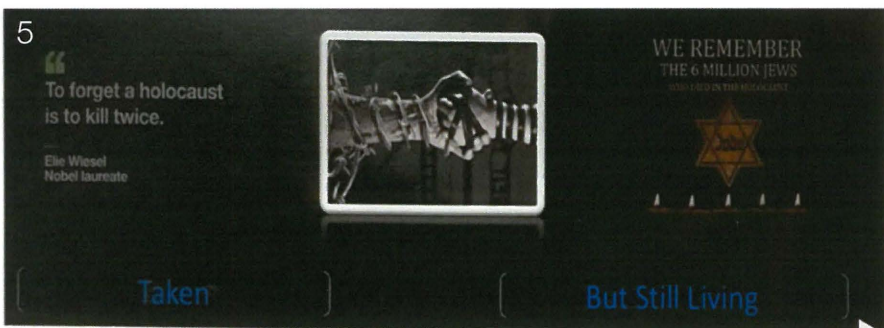
# Holocaust Remembered

Students from The Nuremberg Trials Class created a GenZ story expression project in any art form after listening to Holocaust survivors share their stories. The purpose of the project was for students to express what they heard in order to reach others who may not be familiar with the horrors of the Holocaust. Each project serves as a tribute to the victims and as a way to share their stories with the next generation.



1. Sophie Caroline Leah
2. Audra LaRay Pendry
3. Ashley Maldonado
4. Kaitlin Conrad





5. Michael Margolis
6. Leslie Nazario
7. Christin Gill
8. Barbie Wisinshi
9. Ysabel So'Brien
10. Aliza Kaiman



# Artists and Authors

**Hriday Ahuja** is a student at Lynn University.

**Ingram Aitmar** is a student at Lynn University.

**Togin Aje** is a student at Lynn University.

**Paola Baños** was born in Colombia, Bogotá, and moved to Florida at 5. He is a junior at Lynn University majoring in entrepreneurship. He is President of the Animal Welfare Club. What he likes to do in his spare time or when on vacation is take pictures, read, and explore the city or country visiting.

**Denise Belafonte** has been a teacher at Lynn since 1997 in the Broadcasting and Film and Television areas. Her career as a videographer, photographer, and director have helped bring students to a professional level caliber.

**Khyla Bodie** is a freshman majoring in biology. Bodie was born and raised in sunny Florida. Bodie is in the Lynn leadership institute (LLI) and CRU with an interest in many things like poetry, photography, and art.

**Alexandria Butterfield** is a student at Lynn University.

**Stephanie Canonica** is originally from Leominster, Massachusetts. She is a resident of South Florida for over 30 years. She is a team member in the Lynn Mailroom since 2005. Her hobbies include photography, poetry, and reading. She also enjoys mountain bike riding, ballet, and kick boxing.

**Angelica Capote** is a sophomore at Lynn University and has been participating in anything and everything artistic all her life. She was part of her high school's Literary Magazine all four years and wanted to continue that participation in college. Angelica is a Drama Major and hopes to work for a professional theater company as a Stage manager or Director.

**Alexandra Captain** is a student at Lynn University.

**Miguel Ceballos** was born in Cuba and came to the US when he was 9 years old. Born February 1st, 1995. Currently lives in Miami Florida and is a student athlete playing baseball for Lynn University.

**Jordan Chussler** a Lynn graduate, is the academic editor for the Lynn University Digital Press, and author of the yet unpublished novel, Shelf Life.

**Ann Crawford** is a professor in the Psychology Department and has been teaching psychology courses for almost 20 years. As a part of her doctoral dissertation in Psychology, Dr. Crawford studied the use and effect of the Expressive Arts as a modality for change and healing. She worked with clients using Art, Poetry, and Journaling as an effective means of expression and therapy.

**Loreana Lonigro Croes** is a student at Lynn University.

**Marina Da Fonseca Parreiras** is a senior and Fashion and Retail major at Lynn University. She recently discovered a passion for creative writing during a J-term class she took with Dr. Jeff Morgan. She realized that through writing, she was able to express her creative, joyful, and passionate personality in different ways.

**Vanessa Desmarais** is a student at Lynn University.

**Elaine Deering** is a writing tutor for the Institute of Achievement and Learning. With degrees in English, business and law, she tutors in many subjects.

**Heather Fiveson** is a student at Lynn University.

**David Fleisher** is a professor emeritus in the College of Arts and Sciences at Lynn University. He is an author and playwright and has had many of his plays produced in the United States and in Ireland. He co-wrote the book for the musical Postcards from Paradise, which was produced in March 2017 at Lynn University and in Dublin, Ireland. His play, "Maid Service," is included in The Best Ten-Minute Plays 2015 (Smith & Kraus). Two of his monologues are included in The Best Men's Stage Monologues of 1999 and The Best Women's Stage Monologues of 2000 (Smith & Kraus). One of his plays is published by Dramatic Publishing Company in its anthology 35 in 10: Thirty-Five Ten-Minute Plays. His entire collection of short plays entitled Grave Concerns is in the library of the Drama League of Ireland in Dublin. He is co-author of the nonfiction book Death of an American: The Killing of John Singer and is a member of the Authors Guild and Dramatists Guild.

**Brian Garcia** was born in San Jose, Costa Rica, where he started his musical training as a trumpet player at the age of ten. Brian attended the Interlochen Arts Academy for three years, where he completed his high school education. He received his Bachelors of Music from Lynn University in May 2014 and his Masters of Music at Southern Methodist University in May 2016 and is currently pursuing a Professional Performance Certificate at Lynn University. Brian performs regularly with the Florida Grand Opera, and Palm Beach Symphony.

**Joey Hall** is a student at Lynn University.

**Justin Hearn** was the senior multimedia producer at Lynn University's department of marketing and communication. He attended film school at NYU in 2007 and his work has been featured in the Miami Short Film Festival, Fort Lauderdale International Film Festival, and the 24 Hour Film Race.

**Andy Hirst**, originally from Newcastle upon Tyne, England, is a graphic designer, seamster and artist. A graduate of Lynn University with a Bachelor of Arts in Graphic Design and a Master of Science in Communications, he is currently the production coordinator for the College of International Communication at Lynn University.

**Paula Hyman** has worked at Lynn University since 1998. She works as a full-time tutor, specifically in writing, for the Institute for Achievement and Learning. Over the years at Lynn, Paula has served as an advisor for Hillel and as a member of the Spiritual Life Committee. Her love of literature, travel, music and art have inspired her to write creatively.

**Angela Kahan** enjoys spending time with her husband and three miniature dachshunds. She also enjoys singing and writing poetry. She's lived in South Florida for 15 years and moved here from Washington, DC where she worked on Capitol Hill and the United Negro College Fund.

**Joseph Kisluk** is a student at Lynn University.

**Courtney Kraus** is a student at Lynn University.

**William Levy** is originally from Brooklyn, New York. He moved to Delray Beach, Florida, in 1996. An employee of Lynn University since 2014, he works in Campus Safety.

**Jennifer McMillian** is a student at Lynn University.

**Marianna Martinez** is a student at Lynn University.

**Christelle Mehu** is a student obtaining a master's degree in communication and media at Lynn University. She specializes in publishing, and loves to help writers create children's books. After graduation, Christelle wants pursue a career in children's media.



# Artists and Authors - Continued

**Kip Miller** has worked with all forms of digital photography, computer assisted art/design and digital printing. Miller has experience with the most recent software programs involving digital media and photography. He strives to share his professional experiences with students so that they can learn about what is expected in professional visual communication settings.

**Jeff Morgan** is an English professor at Lynn since the previous millennium, recently had his third book *American Comic Poetry* published in the fall 2015 by McFarland. The author of numerous essays and poems, Morgan lives with his wife, Dana, in Boynton Beach, and tends his garden.

**Kingsley Okonkwo** hails from eastern Nigeria and is a 24 year old designer, having graduated from the National Aerospace University in Ukraine, with Bachelor's degree in Aircraft, Rocket design and construction in 2014. He moved to the U.S. in 2016 to pursue his Master's Degree in Aviation, Management at Lynn University. Aside from his education, he makes art in his leisure, coming from a background known for creativity, carving monuments, and sculptures. He has derived inspiration of creating beautiful art, most especially "pop art." He uses any material as his canvas.

**Grace Paulus** is from Ft. Lauderdale, Florida and is a graduate student at Lynn University in Boca Raton majoring in Communication and Media specializing in Digital Media and Media Studies & Practice. She is passionate about the arts including music, film, and digital media. She is the host of *Graceful Sounds Radio* at Lynn University's Knight Radio Station where she highlights local South Florida bands. She hopes to complete her education at Lynn University and would like to find her place in the film industry putting her creative skills to work.

**Josefina Pereyra** is a Graduate student at Lynn University. She is a Graphic designer and moved from Argentina to pursue her MBA in Marketing. She will be graduating in May. For her, Graphic design is a way of life, if you start looking at the world that way you will realize that everything that surrounds us is designed. In her free time, she likes to dance; she has been taking dance lessons since she was five years old.

**Angelica Pierre** was born in New York City. Her family and moved to Florida when she was 13 years old. She is a student at Lynn University and graduating this year in 2017 with a degree in Psychology. She is very creative and has always loved to draw and do art. When she was a young child, her teachers took her artwork to use as examples because of all the passion, details, and color in the work. She will always pursue her goals passionately and follow the dreams that she believes Jesus has placed in her heart. God and her family are two of the most important things in her life.

**Ashley Pitre** is a student at Lynn University.

**Sydney Putnam** started her career in Lynn's Office of Marketing and Communication in 2010 as a student worker, continued as a graduate assistant, and has been employed full-time as a coordinator since 2015. She works on editorial, graphic design, photography, videography, project management, and public relations assignments. She was raised in Connecticut and is a writer and photographer for *Lynn Magazine*, co-configurator of the department's project management software, and coordinator for day-to-day office operations.

**Harika Rao** is an assistant professor in the College of Business and Management at Lynn University. She has attended schools in different parts of the World and enjoys traveling, photography, and learning new cultures. She is also a trained classical Kathak dancer.

**Ernest Ranspach** had his first One Man Exhibit at the University of Puerto Rico Museum in 1968 after moving there in 1966 – 1969. He taught at Lynn University from 1969 – 2004. Some of his work includes: *Site Specific Sculptor* 1969 – 2009,

bronze crosses for various churches, including Lynn U. Chapel, Arc for Temple Beth El, various bronze portraits of people, including Thomas Merton in Lynn U. Library. He has works in private collections, and a One Man Exhibit at Art Works Gallery, Richmond, VA 2013.

**Karla Rosario** is a student at Lynn University.

**Kamryn Schilling** is a student at Lynn University.

**Rikki Soumpholphakdy** is a student at Lynn University.

**Sophia Stone** is an Assistant Professor at Lynn University, teaching in the *Dialogues of Learning Core Curriculum*. Her discipline and research interests are in ancient Greek philosophy, history, and literature, World Religions, Ethics, and Humor Research. She was born and raised in California. She is a mother of two boys, ages 2 and 8 and the wife of a science teacher. Recently her grandmother passed away, which has made her think deeply about the meaning of life, life's purpose, and how to best influence others.

**Flucindia Supreme** was born October 21, 1997. She is a freshman majoring in International Business, and she grew up locally in Boynton Beach, Florida. In high school, she began to take interest in writing. She says it brought her peace. In her spare time she enjoys admiring art when she's not making her own, taking great interest in photography. She aspires to become a freelance photographer capturing the different cultures of the world, traveling, and documenting each and sharing it with the world.

**William Taylor** is a student at Lynn University.

**Jean Tomasulo** is from the small town of Spencerport, New York to Boynton Beach, Florida. She is always exploring ideas and coming up with new projects wherever she goes. From a young age, Jean has been passionate about art, specifically in painting. Watercolors and acrylics are her favorite mediums for her abstract pieces. If you can't find her painting outside or sketching in a coffee shop, she is probably practicing piano, reading, or taking naps.

**Dylan Tregoing** is a student at Lynn University.

**Meghan Ulmer** is currently a sophomore at Lynn University. She plays on the Lynn University volleyball team and is from Central Ohio. She came to South Florida to pursue a degree and a future career in the field of Marine Biology with a focus on sharks, but has always had a great interest in writing. Thank you for reading!

**Clarissa Vieira** was born in Brazil. Since early, she had an artistic soul. At 10 years old, started her career in music as a cellist; today she is currently taking her Bachelor Degree in Music Performance at Lynn University.

**Rachel Wong** is from the Bahamas. She is majoring in International Business with a minor in Event Management. Her hobbies include fishing, water sports, and baking.

**Marcheta Wright** is a Professor of International Relations in the College of Arts & Sciences at Lynn University. Human rights and the political activities of indigenous peoples have been the focus of her research and teaching since graduate school. She is grounded in feminisms and has a 'tree-hugging' environmental orientation.

**Adam Yurkewitz** is a current managing editor for iPulse. When not with iPulse, Adam enjoys helping faculty, staff, and students as a student worker in the Information Technology department. Adam has also worked with other organizations, helping them boost their online presence and spreading awareness about products, services, and news. He is open to questions, comments, and suggestions with anything pertaining to iPulse and the social media platforms used. Adam is currently a senior and is majoring in communications and emerging media.



